

November
1890

ING FREE. Every subscriber who pays Two-
and has it bound at the end of the year FREE, besides help-
association to secure a premium

THE



CONTRIBUTOR.
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



VOL XII • NOVEMBER 1890 • No 1

• PUBLISHED • BY • THE •
• CONTRIBUTOR • CO •
• SALT • LAKE • CITY • UTAH •

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1890

	PAGE.
STEEL ENGRAVING: Portrait of Apostle Orson Pratt	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
Life and Labors of Orson Pratt, I.....	<i>Milando Pratt. 1</i>
Boys of History—Baldwin of Jerusalem.....	<i>Amalric. 6</i>
The Church and Science.....	<i>G. F. Phillips, M. A. 9</i>
My First Tiger.....	<i>Harper's Weekly. 12</i>
By Word of Mouth.....	<i>Rudyard Kipling. 14</i>
Dragons of the Air.....	<i>J. E. Talmage. 17</i>
Studies from Froissart	<i>De Vallibus. 21</i>
Words that Laugh and Cry	<i>24</i>
Mary: A story of Sage-brush Bench.....	<i>Nephi Anderson. 25</i>
A Trip to the Cottonwoods.....	<i>May Wells. 29</i>
The Sin of Success.....	<i>O. F. Whitney. 32</i>
The Covenant of Peace	<i>H. W. Naisbitt. 33</i>
EDITORIAL: The Manifesto.....	<i>34</i>
Music in the Associations	<i>37</i>
Invocation to Harmony, A male choru	<i>Evan Stephens. 38</i>
Association Intelligence.....	<i>Milton H. Hardy. 40</i>

WILFORD WOODRUFF, *President.*

B. H. SCHESSLER, *Asst. Cashier.*

Zion's Savings Bank

AND

TRUST COMPANY,

1 & 3 East Temple St., Salt Lake City.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

INCORPORATED 1888.

DIRECTORS.

Wilford Woodruff, *Prest.,*
 George Q. Cannon, *Vice-Prest.,*
 Joseph F. Smith,
 Angus M. Cannon,
 James Jack,
 Le Grande Young,
 George Reynolds,
 T. G. Webber, *Cashier,*
 H. B. Clawson.

DOES A

General Banking Business.

Pays 5 Per Cent Interest on Savings
 Deposits.

Money to Loan, on Approved Securities, at Low Rates of Interest.

❖ Z. ❖ C. ❖ M. ❖ I. ❖

ORGANIZED OCTOBER 16th, 1868.

PRESIDENT, WILFORD WOODRUFF,
VICE-PRESIDENT, MOSES THATCHER,

SECRETARY, - - - T. G. WEBBER,
TREASURER, - - A. W. CARLSON.

—DIRECTORS—

Geo. Q. Cannon, John Sharp, Henry Dinwoodey, William H. Rowe,
Jos. F. Smith, George Romney, P. T. Farnsworth, Thos. W. Jennings.
Heber J. Grant, John R. Winder, John R. Barnes,

*Manufacturers, Importers, and Wholesale and
Retail Dealers in*

General Merchandise

Salt Lake City, Utah.

BRANCH HOUSES AT

OGDEN, Weber County, Utah.

LOGAN, Cache County, Utah.

PROVO, Utah County, Utah.

EAGLE ROCK, Idaho.

Co-operative Stores and the General Public are invited to select their purchases
from our Choice and Carefully Bought Stock of

STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES,

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

*Crockery and Glassware,
Tinware and Stamped Ware,
Carpets and House Furnishings,
Heavy and Shelf Hardware,
Stoves, Grates and Ranges,
Tools and implements,
Stationery and Blank Books,
School Books,*

*Clothing and Furnishing Goods
Hats and Caps,
Paper Hangings,
Boots and Shoes,
Rubber Goods,
Leather and Findings
Pure Drugs and Medicines,
Wines and Liquors, Etc.*

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF HOME-MADE

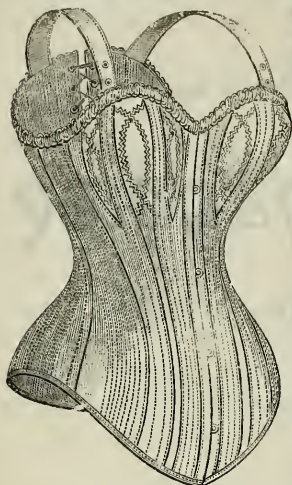
Boots and Shoes, Cassimeres, Suitings, Linseys, Flannels, Jeans,
Blankets, Shawls, Duck Suits, Overcoats & Overalls.

☞ Orders by Mail will receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

T. G. WEBBER, Supt.

WARNER BROS.

Celebrated Corsets.



THE merit and popularity of these Corsets is attested by the fact that over two million were sold last year in this country alone, and the sales are increasing rapidly year by year.

Ladies are cautioned against the many worthless imitations of Coraline Corsets which are upon the market. These imitations are stiffened with common twine filled with starch, and they lose all their stiffness after a few days' wear.

The genuine Coraline gives better value and better service for the money than any imitation. They can always be recognized, for they have "Dr. Warner's Coraline" printed on the inside of the steel cover.



FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS.

WARNER BROS.

New York and Chicago.

For Sale in Salt Lake City

—BY—

Z. C. M. I.,
SPENCER CLAWSON,
F. AUERBACH & BRO.,
WALKER BROS. CO.,
COHN BROS.,
R. K. THOMAS.

For Sale in Ogden

—BY—

Z. C. M. I.,
W. H. WRIGHT & SON,
GEO. S. TRIBE,
SMUIN & THOMAS,
J. WOTHERSPOON.

WARNER BROS.' Celebrated Corsets.



BEMIS OMAHA BAG CO.

Burlap Importers,

Bag Manufacturers,

614, 616, 618 SOUTH 11TH STREET,

OMAHA, NEB.

Best Goods. Prompt Attention. Lowest Prices.

S. P. TEASDEL

P. O. Box 352, Salt Lake City.

**Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and
Shoes, Hardware, Notions and**

**All Kinds of GENERAL MER-
CHANDISE. Best House for
Family Supplies.**

S. P. TEASDEL

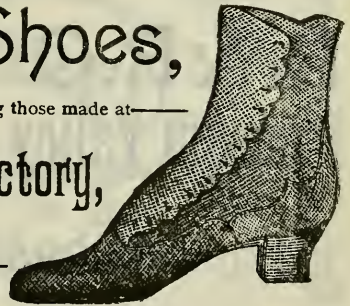
EAST TEMPLE ST.

In Relation to Boots & Shoes,

—The people of Utah are sensibly united in preferring those made at—

Z. C. M. I. Factory,

—SALT - LAKE - CITY.—



LOOK FOR THE BRAND.

Taylor, Romney, Armstrong Co.,

LEADING LUMBER DEALERS OF UTAH.

Rustic, Plank, Joists, Rafters, Shingles, Mouldings.

EVERYTHING THAT BUILDERS NEED.

South Temple St.,

Salt Lake City.



Between Utah and the Missouri River
 Take the Fast Train,
"THE - OVERLAND - FLYER."

SAVE ONE DAY CROSSING THE CONTINENT.
TOURISTS may properly appreciate the grandeur of the scenery and the magnificence extent and resources of the United States only when they have compassed journeys to leading cities in Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, California, Oregon, and Alaska, and mining camps, cities, and health resorts of the Rocky Mountains, all of which are best reached via the

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY

Tickets on Sale at all Coupon Ticket Offices in the United States.

C. F. RESSEGUIE,
 General Manager,
 Salt Lake.

J. V. PARKER,
 Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.
 Salt Lake Utah.

Perfect Equipment

*SPANISH FORK
 CAÑON.*

CASTLE GATE.

PRICE CAÑON.



BLACK CAÑON.

MARSHALL PASS.

GARDEN of the GODS,

*GRAND CAÑON OF
 THE ARKANSAS.*

D. & R. G.
Pleasant Valley

COAL!

COLORADO ANTHRACITE,

Coke, - Charcoal, - Pig Iron.

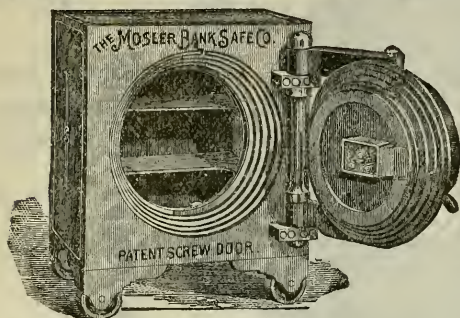
A. L. WILLIAMS,

AGENT.

148 S. Main St.,

SALT LAKE CITY.

The Mosler Patent Screw Door BURGLAR PROOF BANK SAFE.




The only Air Tight Bank Safe.
 The only Automatic Bank Safe.
 No Hole through Door or Body.
 No Combination Lock or Bolt Spindles.
 No Springs or Weights to operate Bolt Work

The Mosler Bank Safe Co.,

Exclusive Manufacturers of the following Mosler Patents:

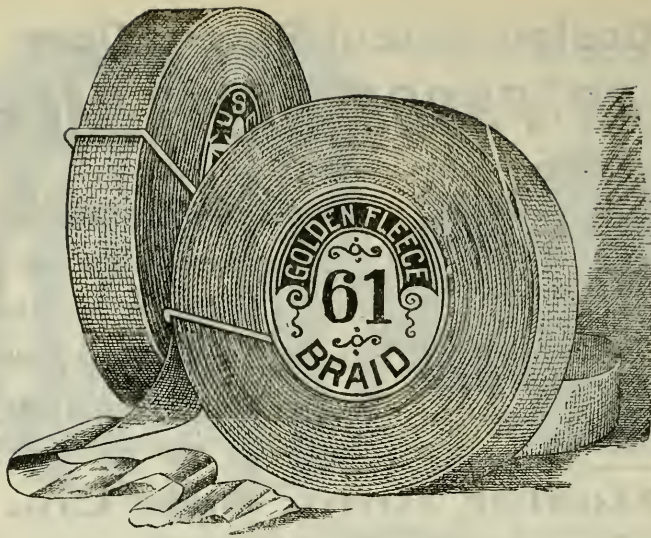
SCREW DOOR BURGLAR PROOF BANK SAFES,
 DOUBLE POWER AUTOMATIC TIME LOCKS,
 PATENT SAFE DEPOSIT CONSTRUCTION

 Specifications and Estimates furnished on all Kinds of Bank and Vault Work.

Office and Sales Rooms: 86 to 96 Elm Street. Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. Works: Front and Rose Sts.

For Information Regarding either Fire or Burglar Proof Work,
 Address J. T. GALVIN, Salt Lake City, Utah.

BEN R. ELDRIDGE,
STOVES AND
HARDWARE
PROVO, UTAH.



FOR SALE BY

Z. C. M. I., Salt Lake City and Ogden.

Hardy, Young & Co.

..FIRST..CLASS..

Family Groceries, Dry Goods,
Boots and Shoes.

Town and Country Trade Solicited.

HARDY, - YOUNG - & - CO.,

FIRST SOUTH ST., SALT LAKE CITY,

O. H. HARDY, Manager.

B. F. & H. L. SWEET, Manufacturers of
 "Common Sense" Sleighs, "Arctic" Sleighs, "Manitoba Sleighs,
 Improved Freight Wagons, Mining, Railroad and
 Mill Carts, Spring Wagons, Trucks,
 Buckboards, Lumber Buggies.

CO-OPERATIVE WAGON AND MACHINE CO., Sole Agents.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

LIVERPOOL *and* LONDON *and* GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE ASSETS,	-	-	-	-	\$19,559,102
PREMIUMS RECEIVED 1889,	-	-	-	-	6,740,238
LOSSES PAID 1889,	-	-	-	-	3,847,039

H. J. GRANT & CO.,
AGENTS,
SALT LAKE CITY

CROOKE & WARREN,
RESIDENT MANAGERS,
CHICAGO, ILLS.

Wm. Driver & Son, Ogden, Utah.

Wholesale and Retail.

The Most Reliable Drug House in the West

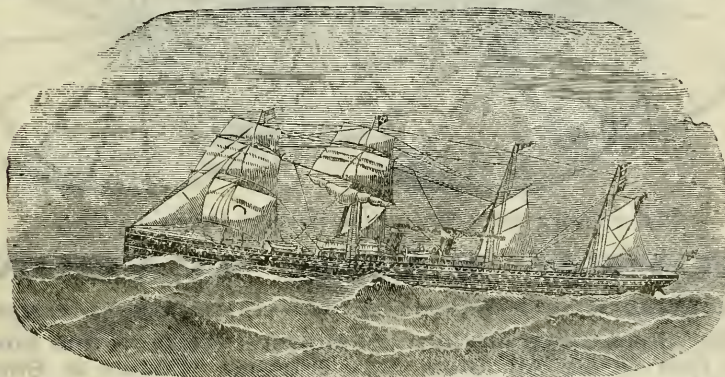
IS THE FIRM OF

WM. DRIVER & SON,

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT
ATTENTION. }

OGDEN, UTAH.

GUION LINE



FOR QUEENSTOWN and LIVERPOOL,

From Pier New 38, North River, Foot of King St., New York, every Tuesday.

NEVADA 3 350 TONS.	WYOMING 3,716 TONS	ALASKA, 6,500 TONS.
ARIZONA. 5,500 TONS.	WISCONSIN 3 720 TONS.	

These Steamers are built of Iron, in water-tight compartments, and are furnished with every requisite to make the passage across the Atlantic both safe and agreeable, having Bath-room, Smoking-room, Drawing-room, Piano and Library; also experienced Surgeon, Stewardess, and Caterer on each Steamer. **The State-rooms are all on Deck, thus insuring those greatest of all Luxuries at sea, perfect Ventilation and Light.**

CABIN PASSAGE, \$50 and upward, according to location.

INTERMEDIATE, Second Cabin, \$30. STEERAGE, \$20.

Offices, No. 35, Broadway, New York

A. M. UNDERHILL & CO

MOSES THATCHER, BARNARD WHITE, F. R. SNOW, GEO. A. SNOW.
Pres. *Vice-Prest.* *Sec. & Treas.* *Gen. Mgr.*

DIRECTORS.

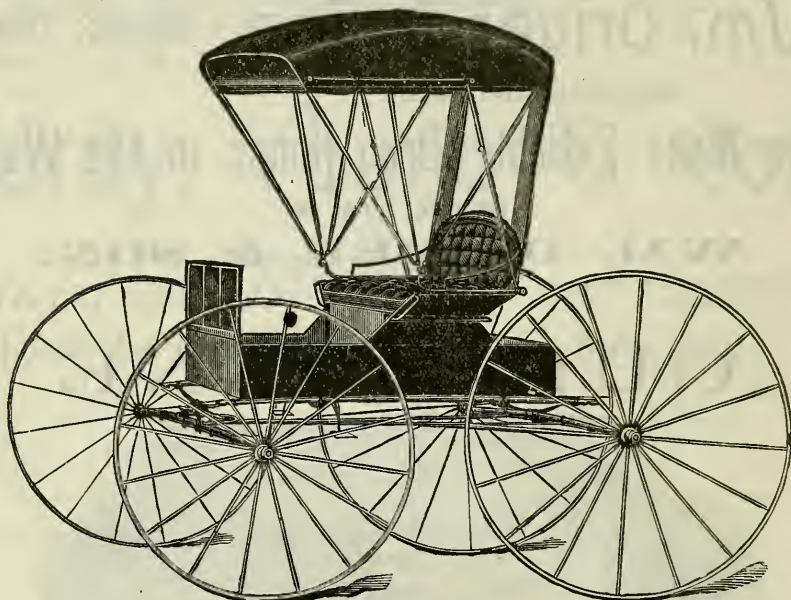
Moses Thatcher,
Barnard White,
F. R. Snow,
W. W. Burton,
M. Snow,
W. B. Preston,
G. A. Snow.

Consolidated Implement Co.

Headquarters for Wagons, Buggies & Farm Machinery.

◁\$100 CASH WILL BUY THIS BUGGY.▷

HAS LEATHER TOP AND BOOT.



HAS SCREWED RIMS AND STEEL TIRE.

The following are a Few of the Principal Goods we Carry:

COOPER FARM WAGONS,

MOLINE Four-Spring Mountain Wagons,

“Porter” Road Carts; McCormick Mowers, Reapers, and Binders; Scott Full Circle All Steel Hay Presses; Nichols & Shepard “New Vibrator” Threshing Machinery; “Jay-Eye-See” Sulky Plows, “Canton Clipper” and J. I. Case Steel and Chilled Plows, Harrows and Cultivators; “Planet Jr.” Garden Tools; Press and Grain Drills; Combined and Independent Seeders, Fanning Mills, Feed Cutters, Etc.

☛ We make a Specialty of BUGGIES and carry the Celebrated U. S. Carriage Co.’s Fine Buggies (of Columbus, O.) and D. W. Haydock’s of St. Louis.

Send for Special Prices to

Consolidated Implement Co.,

Houses at Salt Lake City, Ogden, Logan and Milford, Utah.



Onson Pratt, Sen

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

No. I.

LIFE AND LABORS OF ORSON PRATT.

I.

BEFORE allowing the reader to enter upon the following sketch, it is but justly due that the writer should preface it by offering an apology for attempting to prepare a manuscript for publication upon the life and character of a man, whose noble career has not only been eminently interwoven with the history of the Latter-day Saints, ecclesiastically, but also in the affairs and human events of a great commonwealth. Realizing that the data of details and circumstances, so requisite in writing his personal history, is very meagre, without spending much more time in research than is available, and that a subject of such importance should be treated by more able and experienced writers, it is with feelings of delicacy that the task is undertaken, and especially since vivid in the writer's mind is the following remark which he heard his lamented father—Apostle Orson Pratt—make, in reply to the question, why did he not write his own history? He said: "Should my history ever be written, it will be the result of a laborious task to the person undertaking it; for so little have I written concerning myself, that a general research through the Church records and other periodicals would have to be made, and I am quite sure that life is too short for me to write my history, even if I were competent."

This remark was made at the Historian's Office, and at the time when Apostle Pratt was the Church Historian. Such a remark, coming as it did from a person of no little historical ability, and, that too, concerning his own personal history, was calculated in its very nature to

engender the feeling of incompetency and embarrassment almost insurmountable. And even now, the writer is almost persuaded, at the threshold of his narrative, to throw down his pen and abandon the task. However, if the reader will patiently bear and forbear, it may not be uninteresting to peruse the following sketch, which is limited as to space and whose commentations are lacking in that eloquence, which the subject of the same, in justice, more richly deserves.—*Milando Pratt.*

ANCESTRY AND GENEALOGY.

A few centuries ago, when the old world groaned under the hand of tyranny and oppression, when persecution raged against those who desired to be the humble followers of Christ, the great western refuge of the New World was discovered; to which a few hardy, brave pioneers sailed and commenced the colonization of New England. Among these humble pilgrim fathers were William Pratt, the ancestor of Orson Pratt, and his older brother John. In February, 1639, these two brothers received a portion of land, in the first distribution made to the colonists, located at Hartford, Connecticut. This colony was founded in June, 1636, which was a little less than three years before they drew their portion of land. It is supposed that they accompanied the Rev. Thomas Hooker and his congregation, about one hundred in number, from Newtown, now called Cambridge, Massachusetts, through a dense wilderness, inhabited only by savages and wild beasts, and became the first settlers of Hartford. The ancient records at Newtown show that John Pratt owned land in that town:

This is the first reliable information concerning them, though it is believed, on circumstantial and probable evidence that these two brothers—John and William Pratt, were the two sons of the Rev. William Pratt, of Stevenage, Hertfordshire, England, as the names of John and William appear in a Latin inscription on his monument, against the north wall of the church dedicated to St. Nicholas, in Stevenage, from which the following translation is taken:

"Here lies William Pratt, Bachelor of Sacred Theology, and most illustrious rector of this church during thirty years. He had three sons, John, William and Richard, and the same number of daughters, Sarah, Mary and Elizabeth, by his renowned wife, Elizabeth. At length the course of his life being run, and his age becoming burdensome, he emigrated to the celestial country in the year of salvation, 1629, aged 67."

John and William are not recognized in their father's will, and for the probable reason that they had left for America, or signified their intention of leaving, and had received their portion, as they were at the right age to be the settlers of that name in this country.

Rev. William Pratt of Stevenage, the supposed father of John and William Pratt of Hartford, Connecticut, was the son of Andrew Pratt, who was the son of Thomas and Joan Pratt, who resided at Baldock, Hertfordshire, England, (also Simon Pratt of London, brother of Thomas) about the time of the discovery of America by Columbus.*

*The name of Pratt is variously spelled in more ancient writings, thus, Pratt, Prat, Pratte, Pradt, Præd, Prate, also Prær, Prayers. It is a surname, derived, like many of the Norman and Saxon names, from a locality; from the Latin *Pratum*, a meadow; Spanish and Portuguese, *Prado*; French, *pre, preux*, prairie. The name of Pratt occurs among the earliest of English surnames, and the family, in many of its branches, held stations of influence and power in the British Empire. The earliest notice of Pratts in England, is prior to the year 1200 of the Christian Era, and shows that they, probably, came to England from Normandy.

With regard to the home of the English Pratts, as they were anciently, so are they, at

Having thus traced the line of ancestry of Orson Pratt, Sen., some four generations, from the time the two brothers, John and William, emigrated to America, and appeared among the first band of adventurers who settled Hartford, Connecticut, one of the oldest if not the very oldest town in the State, it may not be deemed entirely irrelevant to speak of the causes which led to the settlement, and the character of those who laid the foundations of society, and planted in the wilderness, the germ of those civil and religious institutions, whose benign influence has made New England what it is, the cradle of liberty and the pride and glory of all Protestant lands.

It was the desire to enjoy a more simple and unostentatious mode of worship, than that which was required by the majority of the English Church, which caused the settlement of New England. Forbidden to serve God in a manner which they regarded in the highest degree subservient to their spiritual welfare, the Puritans left their native land and sought for themselves a home where they might worship God, "under their own vine and fig tree," with none to molest them or make them afraid. It was not until every expedient for the reformation of the church in their own country had failed, that they resolved on a removal. They loved their native land, and it was with the deepest regret that they bade a final farewell to the homes of their childhood, to encounter the perils of the ocean, and expose themselves to unseen dangers, in the midst of a waste, howling wilderness.

Actuated, like the ancient patriarch, by what they deemed, no less than he, the will of God, they left their own land and went out, not knowing whither. All

this day, chiefly seated in the eastern and southern parts of England, in the contiguous counties of Leicester, Huntingdon, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Devon, Lincoln and Hertford.

As William Pratt came from Hertfordshire, England, to America, and we trace his lineage back into the 14th century, it is highly probable he is descended from William de Pratellis, who came over to England from Normandy in the Eleventh century.

of the circumstances attending their emigration to this western world, unequivocally demonstrate that the undertaking, from first to last, was inspired by strong religious principle. It was that unwavering steady faith in God, which was "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen," that sustained the little persecuted remnant, that fled over the stormy wave to a land of religious tolerance; while their less favored brethren, unable to make their escape, were surrounded by the emissaries of ecclesiastical domination. It was the same divine principle that bound the exiled flock together in holy love, in a land of strangers, and kept them in the midst of foreign customs and habits, a distinct and separate people; and it was the same precious faith that led them to look beyond themselves and their own generation, that their children after them might remain the same peculiar people. It was faith that led them to bid adieu to the comforts and refinements of civilized life in the old world, and to seek their future abode beyond the waste of waters, in a land unclearèd, untilled, and unpeopled by civilized man. We have every reason to believe that in this momentous enterprise they took no step without their eye fixed on God for light, guidance and direction. In their congregations, besides their private duties of devotion, they observed special seasons of fasting and prayer, in which they unitedly laid their cause before Him, from whom all good counsels and holy desires proceed. On these occasions their beloved pastor, previous to their embarkation, addressed them from the word of God and strengthened their faith. Soon after the congregation, of which Robinson was the pastor, led the way, other bands from different parts of England embarked for this land of promise, bringing their pastors with them.

It was in 1630 that the Rev. Thomas Hooker, whom Cotton Mather styled, "The Light of the Western Churches," a distinguished divine and influential preacher at Chelmsford, in the county of Essex, was silenced for non-conformity, after four years' exercise of the minis-

try in that place. In order to escape the fines and imprisonments, he fled into Holland. Forty-seven ministers of his vicinity, after he was ejected from the Chelmsford pulpit, petitioned the Bishop of London in his favor, and while they were conformists, they esteemed him, and knew him "to be, for doctrine, orthodox; for life and conversation, honest; for disposition, peaceable and no-wise turbulent or factious." But being a non-conformist, no personal or acquired excellencies, nor testimonies of his good conduct, nor solicitations of his friends, could save him from prosecution and deposition. Such had been his popularity that not only the people of Chelmsford, but others from all parts of the county of Essex came to hear him. The Earl of Warwick, though he resided at a great distance, was a frequent attendant upon his ministry. Great numbers of those who flocked to hear him, were savingly benefited by his instructions. When, therefore, he was driven from them, they turned their eyes to New England, hoping that when they should form a settlement there, he would be induced to become their spiritual guide. Accordingly, in 1632, a large body of them came over and settled at Newtown, Massachusetts.

Mr. Hooker, near the close of a little more than a two years' residence in Holland, "understanding that many of his friends in Essex were on the wing for a wilderness in America, where they hoped for an opportunity to enjoy and practice the pure worship of the Lord Jesus Christ, in churches gathered according to his direction, readily answered their invitation to accompany them in their undertaking."

He, therefore, left Holland, embarked for the New World in the *Griffin*, a ship of three hundred tons, and arrived at Boston, September 4th, 1633. Soon after his arrival in Boston he proceeded to Newtown, where, finding himself in the midst of a joyful and affectionate people, he was overwhelmed with gratitude, and embracing them with open arms, exclaimed: in the language of the Apostle: "Now I live, if ye stand fast in the Lord." These were the company who afterward

settled Hartford, to which William Pratt and his brother John are supposed to have belonged.

Mr. Hooker was chosen pastor of the church soon after his arrival at Newtown, and Mr. Stone their teacher. On the 11th of October, 1633, the church was gathered, and after solemn fasting and prayer, the pastor and teacher were ordained to their respective offices. But Mr. Hooker and his congregation were not satisfied with Newtown as a place of residence. So many emigrants had arrived that they began to be straightened for lands, and from representations which had been made in regard to the lands on Connecticut River, they resolved on a removal. Accordingly, about the beginning of June, 1636, not quite three years after the organization of their church, "Mr. Hooker, Mr. Stone and about an hundred men, women and children, took their departure from Cambridge, and traveled more than a hundred miles, through a hideous, trackless wilderness, to Hartford. They had no guide but their compass, and made their way over mountains, through swamps, thickets and rivers which were not passable but with great difficulty. They had no cover but the heavens, nor any lodgings but those which simple nature afforded them. They drove with them a hundred and sixty head of cattle, and by the way subsisted on the milk of their cows. Mrs. Hooker, (being in feeble state) was borne through the wilderness upon a litter. The people generally carried their packs, arms, and cooking utensils, being nearly a fortnight upon their journey." These were the men who founded Hartford, and such were the circumstances under which they began the settlement. They were men of sound hearts, firm and fixed resolution, and persevering effort. Their faith in God never wavered. They kept constantly in view the grand design of their coming to this wilderness. Their notions of religious liberty were far from being mere speculations. Their views were intelligent and rational. Their purposes were strong; their aims high; their principles were not to be shaken by any temporal consideration; their con-

sciences were not to be swayed by flatteries or frowns. They were determined to obey God rather than man. They never lost sight of their main object, to worship God according to his word, without the dictation of man, and to train up their families in the way they should go. To carry out their designs, they brought with them their pastor, and among the first of their acts were those which made provision for the support of Christian institutions, and of universal education. They had faith in the instructions of the Great Teacher, and were resolved to obey them; to deny themselves and seek first the Kingdom of God. The fire never went out on their family altars. From their dwellings the morning and evening incense never ceased to ascend an acceptable offering to Jehovah. They followed the example of faithful Abraham, not only in leaving their native country, but in commanding their households to keep the way of the Lord; and their precepts were enforced, as were his, by their own pious example. The Sabbath was a day of rest from worldly cares and labors, and from amusements and sports which they left their native country to avoid. It was their great concern to imbue the minds of their children with sound religious instruction, and to hand down to succeeding generations those Christian principles and virtues, which sustained them in all their trials and persecutions, and rendered them cheerful and happy amidst all their hardships and sufferings.

Such were the men who were the early settlers of Connecticut. Similar to them were those who settled other portions of New England. From such men none need be ashamed to have derived their origin. The pride of ancestry, so far as it relates to birth and wealth and honor, is not, perhaps, justifiable. It is of little consequence whether we are descended from a prince or a peasant; whether royal blood flows in our veins, or our origin is humble and obscure. But it is surely of no trifling importance to be descended from pious ancestors; for in addition to the divine promise, that the blessing of the father

shall descend upon the children, we may rationally expect much from the prayers, instructions and examples of godly progenitors. The compiler of this work is happy to bear his testimony to the fact, that, with few exceptions, the descendants of that one of the first settlers of Connecticut, so far as his history and that of his numerous progeny is written, have been men of industrious habits. A goodly number of them have honored the learned professions, and left behind them monuments of their perseverance, their industry, and their devotion to the present and future happiness of their race. Among them all stands prominent and honored the late Apostle Orson Pratt.

His ancestor, William Pratt of Hartford, and of the fourth generation so far as his ancestry is now known, was a member of the Connecticut Legislature some twenty-five or thirty sessions: and the General Court gave him one hundred acres of land in Saybrook, Connecticut, for service performed as Lieutenant in the Pequot war. He was one of the judges of the First Court in New London County. He married Elizabeth Clark, daughter of John Clark, of Milford, Connecticut, (who was formerly of High or Great Munden, Hertfordshire, England) by whom he had eight children. The third child, Joseph, of the fifth generation, was born August 1st 1648, at Saybrook, Connecticut, married a wife, name unknown, by whom he had five children. Among them was William Pratt the second son, whom we shall call of the sixth generation. He married Hannah Hough, October 8th, 1700, by whom he had six children, of the seventh generation. Among these was Christopher, the fourth child, born November 4th, 1712, who married Sarah Pratt, June 14th, 1739, by whom he had six children, of the eighth generation. Obadiah Pratt, being the second son among their number, was born September or October 14th, 1742, at Saybrook, Connecticut. He married Jemima Tolls, daughter of Ebenezer Tolls, by whom he had eleven children, of the ninth generation. Among their number was Jared Pratt, their first child,

born November 25th, 1769, in Canaan, Columbia County, New York. He married Polly Carpenter, daughter of Samuel Carpenter, of New Lebanon, Columbia County, New York, by whom he had one child. His wife having died, he married Charity Dickinson, July 7th, 1799. She was the daughter of Samuel and Huldah Dickinson, of Bolton, Warren County, New York, and Samuel was the son of Christopher and Mary Dickinson. Charity was born February 24th, 1776. Jared Pratt had five children by her. The following are the names of his six children, of the tenth generation:

1. Mary Pratt, born February, 1793. 2. Anson, born January 9th, 1801. 3. Wm. D. born September 3rd, 1802, at Wooster, Otsego County, N. Y. 4. Parley Parker, born April 12th, 1807, at Burlington, Otsego County, N. Y. 5. Orson, born September 19th, 1811, at Hartford, Washington County, N. Y. 6. Nelson, born May 26th, 1815, at Hartford, Washington County, N. Y.

Jared Pratt, of the ninth generation, died November 5th, 1839, and was buried some three or four miles north or north-east from Detroit, in Michigan. Charity, his wife, died of cholera, in the town of St. Joseph, Missouri, May 20th, 1849, and was buried in the graveyard of that town, and a tombstone erected to her memory. Her oldest son Anson Pratt, died of cholera, May 26th, 1849, and was buried by her side, and a tombstone also erected to his memory. William D. Pratt died September 15th, 1870, at Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, aged sixty-eight years. Parley Parker Pratt was assassinated by a mob near Van Buren, Arkansas, May 13th, 1857, aged fifty years.

Nelson Pratt died at the home of his son Edwin D. Pratt, of Norwich, Huron County, Ohio, May 8th, 1889, aged seventy-three years eleven months and twelve days. He was the last of a family of six children, four brothers and one sister having preceded him.

To rejoice in the happiness of others is to make it our own; to produce it is to make it more than our own.
—James.

BOYS OF HISTORY.

BALDWIN OF JERUSALEM.

THE story of the Second Crusade is one of sad disaster and distress. By the time Conrad of Germany reached Jerusalem he had but six thousand worn and weary knights left, of his splendid army of ninety thousand, with which he started. Greek traitors and Arabs had slain the rest. It was no better with King Louis of France, who had but one-tenth of his seventy thousand Frankish knights with him when he camped before the walls of Antioch. Shipwreck added to the causes named above, had decimated Louis' noble army.

In the Holy Land itself the ardor of Duke Godfrey's followers had been dulled by forty years' of Syrian listlessness. The internal dissensions not less than the treacherous foes about it threatened the Christian Kingdom with destruction and gave St. Bernard the theme on which his glowing eloquence was spent with such effect as to awaken in France and Germany an enthusiasm equal to that produced in the former crusade by Peter the Hermit himself.

The thousands of valiant crusaders who poured forth from these countries were scarcely more discouraged by the disasters of their long journey, which reduced their ranks to a tith of their original number, than by the condition of the land and people they had come to succor. Jealousies and internal bickerings, the product of idle lives, confronted them everywhere. But they were met by one who had pluck and vigor enough to counterbalance a host of laggards.

In Baldwin, the fifteen year old King of Jerusalem, Conrad and Louis found a companion ready to welcome and support them in their crusade against the Infidels. Entering the council-hall where he met them, he gave this exhibition of his wonderful influence: "Knights and barons of Jerusalem, it is for us to act. Lay we aside all paltry jealousy and bickering. Our brothers from the west are here to aid us. 'Tis for us to wield the sword of Godfrey and raise the banner of the Cross, and marching in the van deal death to the pagan Saracen. Up, guar-

dians of the Holy Sepulchre, strike for the Kingdom and the Cross!"

The Syrian climate breeds laziness, but it also calls out quick passion and the fire of excitement. Catching the inspiration of the boy's earnest spirit, the whole assemblage of knights and barons, prelates and people shouted their approval, and the audience-chamber of the king's palace rang again and again with the war-cry of the Crusaders: "Dieu le volt! Dieu le volt!"*

Thus was commenced the active work of the Second Crusade. The combined armies resolved on the bold and hazardous undertaking, which should win honor for them all and strike a terrible blow at Saracen supremacy—the storming of the City of Damascus.

Oldest and fairest of Syrian cities, Damascus, called by the ancient Romans "the eye of all the east," is situated in the midst of orchards and gardens, flowering vines, green meadows and waving palms; the mountains of Lebanon look down upon it from the west, and far to the east stretches the dry and sandy plain of the great desert of Syria. Full of wealth and plenty, deemed a paradise by Christian and Saracen alike, the beautiful city offered to the eager crusading host a rich and wonderful booty.

In the march toward this glorious object of their siege, the soldiers of Jerusalem, with their intrepid boy-king at their head, led the van. Camped before the beleaguered city, Baldwin's headquarters occupied the post of honor—that nearest the outposts of the enemy, and less than four miles from the city gates.

Within the looped-up entrance to a showy pavilion, in the centre of King Baldwin's camp, sat his fair young cousin, Isabel of Tyre, who, though but ten years old, had come with other highborn ladies, as was the custom, to attend the siege. The little maiden looked out upon the verdant fields and attractive gardens that stretched before her close up to the walls of Damascus, and being "dared and double-dared" by the reck-
* "It is the will of God!"

less young page, Renaud de Chatillon, she was soon persuaded to join him in the dangerous pastime of flower-picking in the enemy's gardens. Heedlessly they strolled down to the banks of the little river, that flowed through the gardens and washed the walls of Damascus. On and on they wandered, farther and farther from the protection of their camp, until they were soon in the deep mazes of the garden. Suddenly they heard the clash of barbaric music in a little grove beyond them, and before they had time to retreat a dozen yards found themselves surrounded by a swarm of swarthy Saracens. The lady Isabel was soon a struggling prisoner, but the nimble young Renaud, swiftfooted and more wary than his companion, escaped and sped like the wind to King Baldwin's camp, shouting as he ran: "Rescue, rescue from the Infidels!" Out from the Crusaders' camp poured swift and speedy succor, but the Saracens with their young and trembling prisoner escaped, and were soon lost in the deep shadow of the groves. Young Renaud still shouting, rushed into the council of the crusading chiefs, and falling at the feet of the king, cried breathlessly: "My lord king, the lady Isabel is prisoner to the Saracens!"

"Isa a prisoner!" exclaimed the king, springing to his feet. "Rescue, rescue, my lords, for the sweet little lady of Tyre! Let who will follow me straight to the camp of the Unbelievers!"

There was hasty mounting of steeds and bracing-up of armor and settling of casques; shields were lifted high and spears were laid in rest, and followed by a hundred knights, the boy Crusader dashed impetuously from the camp and charged into the thick gardens that held his captive cousin. His action was quicker than the Saracens, who had lingered in the garden, could anticipate. They had placed their prisoner in one of the small palisaded towers, which were scattered through the garden for temporary defence. Quick-witted and ready-eared, the little lady ceased her sobs as she heard through the trees the war-cry of the knights of the Temple and the ringing shout: "A Baldwin to the rescue!"

Leaning far out of the tower she shook her crimson scarf and cried shrilly, "Rescue, rescue for a Christian maiden!"

King Baldwin saw the waving scarf and heard his cousin's cry. Straight through the hedgeway he charged, followed by a dozen knights. A storm of Saracen arrows rattled against shield and hauberk, but the palisades were forced, the swarthy captors fell before the leveled lances of the rescuers, the lady Isabel sprang from the loosened grasp of a dying Saracen into the arms of the king, and the gallant band wheeling round sped back to camp, before the bewildered Infidels could recover from their surprise.

But the reaction came full soon, and from every quarter could be seen the flutter of the white *bourous*, the striped *aba*, the red and yellow *keffiah* of the Saracen horsemen. They swarmed from garden and tower and roadway; and through the opened gates of the city fresh troops of horesmen dashed down the wide causeway that crosses the narrow river. With equal speed the camp of the Crusaders is pouring forth its thousands and King Baldwin sees, with the joy of a zealous warrior that the foolish freak of a thoughtless maiden has brought about a great and glorious battle.

Rank on rank, with spears in rest and visors closed, the crusading knights charged to the assault. Fast behind them press the footmen, De Mowbray's English archers, King Louis' cross-bowmen, Conrad's spearmen and the javelinmen of Jerusalem. Before the fury of the onset the mass of muffled Arabs and armored Saracens break and yield, but from hedge and tower and loop-holed wall fresh flights of arrows and of javelins rain down on the Christian host, and the green gardens of Damascus are torn and trampled with the fury of the battle. Above King Baldwin's head still streams the sacred banner; his cross-handled sword is dyed with Saracen blood and his clear young voice rings loud above the din: "Christian warriors, fight, fight on as fought our fathers!" "*Beausant!* rings the cry of the Templars'. "A Baldwin—a Baldwin for Jerusalem!" Shout

the boy-king's knights. The *Allah il Allah* and the wild war-whoops of the Saracens answer back, and the battle rages furiously. Still Baldwin leads the van. Around his swaying standard rally the knights of Jerusalem and the soldier-monks of the Temple. Twice are they driven backward by the fury of the Saracen hosts, and many a valiant warrior is stretched upon the field. Young Renaud de Chatillon, battling bravely to retrieve his thoughtless action, is forced to yield himself a prisoner, to another lad of eleven—a brown-faced Kurdish boy, who in after years is to be hailed as the conqueror of the Crusaders—Saladin the greatest of the Sultans.

The battle wavers, as the Infidel forces thicken and crowd in untold numbers around the French and Palestine warriors. It looks as though they would be forced from the field. The Crescent presses down the Cross, and the shrill "Allah il Allah!" rings out in Infidel victory. But hark! A new war-cry swells upon the air. "A Conrad! Ho, a Conrad! Rescue for the Cross!" Through the tangled and disordered ranks of the French and Palestine cavalry bursts the stalwart German Emperor and a thousand dismounted knights.

The Saracen lines fall back, while in bold defiance the sword of the emperor gleams above his crest. As if in acceptance of his unproclaimed challenge a gigantic Saracen emir, sheathed in complete armor strides out before the pagan host, and the fiercely raging battle stops, on the instant, while the two great combatants face each other alone. Their great swords gleam in the air. With feint and thrust and stroke and skilful parry, the champions wage the duel of the giants, till suddenly, in one of those feats of strength and skill that stand out as a marvelous battle-act, the sword of the emperor with a single mighty stroke cleaves through the Saracen's armor-clad body, and the gigantic emir, cut completely in two, falls bleeding at his conqueror's feet. The Turks break in dismay as their champion falls. Young Baldwin rallies his disordered forces, the war-cries mingle with the trumpet-peal

and on foot the two kings lead one last charge against the enemy and drive the fleeing host within the city walls. With shouts of victory the Christian army encamp upon the field their valor has conquered and Damascus is almost won.

But it was not so to be. The treachery of Baldwin's jealous followers and the disgust of the German and French kings, before the morning of another day came, had robbed the besieging forces of the unity that would have made them easy conquerors. Young Renaud himself was set at liberty to convey a bribe to Bernard, the Grand Master of the Knights of the Temple, whose counsel, prevailing in the morning, divided the armies and protracted the siege, until the Saracens obtained recruits and cut their enemies completely off from necessary supplies, and all hope of capturing their famous city.

In the final councils, when it was determined to raise the siege, young Baldwin pleaded in vain for renewed endeavor, and reproached the German king for yielding up so fair an opportunity. But Conrad replied and said: "King Baldwin, thou art a brave and gallant youth. Were are all like thee our swords had not been drawn in vain. But youth and valor may not hope to cope with greed. We are deceived. We have suffered from treason, where it should have least been feared, and more deadly than Saracen arrows are the secret stabs of thy barons of Syria."

"Now, by the Forty Martyrs," cried the young king hotly, "what thou dost claim I may not disprove by word; for here have been strange and secret doings. But for the honor of my country and my crown I may not idly listen to thy condemning speech. I dare thee to the battle test, emperor and champion though thou be, Conrad of Germany, there lies my gage."

"Brave youth," said Conrad, picking up the boy's mailed glove and handing it to him with gentle courtesy, "this may not be. For even did not our vows, under the 'Truce of God,' forbid all personal quarrels, it is not for such a noble lad

as thou to stand the champion for traitors."

So the victory, almost assured by the intrepidity of the boy Crusader, was lost through the treachery of his followers. King Louis and Conrad, the emperor, returned to their European dominions in anger and disgust, and the mournful

failure of the Second Crusade was chronicled among the saddest pages of history. But shining out from the darkness of those old crusading days, with a lustre that has not dimmed by time, is the valiant life of this chivalrous, handsome, brave and generous boy Crusader, Baldwin, King of Jerusalem. *Amalric.*

THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.*

NO ONE can deny that in these days the name of science is largely quoted against the teachings of our church. Nor is it, unfortunately, to be doubted that many (especially among those who have not got a testimony of the truth) are sorely perplexed and troubled by the assurances they so frequently hear that the witness of nature contradicts our religion. Some on the strength of these assurances grow weak in their faith and in some rare instances have professed concurrence in those materialistic doctrines which science is said to favor. This is the worst that can happen. More commonly (and it is with special reference to this I wish to deal) many Latter-day Saints distrust science—they look at it askance as a dangerous thing—refuse to have anything to do with it, and by so acting they do but give the enemies of the church a cause for rejoicing. "See," men may say, "how true it is that Latter-day Saints fear the light of knowledge and that their church is the inveterate foe of advancement."

I purpose in the present paper to sketch very briefly (for the limits allowed me are quite inadequate for the proper treatment of such a subject) what should be our attitude in this regard. It is very needful that this should be done, for all the trouble of which I spoke comes not from science itself but from those who call themselves its representatives. Science, properly understood, does not and cannot run counter to revealed truth—for the simple reason that both are true

—and the truth can never contradict nor be contradicted by the truth; error, and error alone, it is which ever can oppose the truth. It is nothing less than an insult to the church to suppose that any amount of light can harm those teachings which claim to spring and which we know do spring from the very Fountain-head of all knowledge and all light. And it is a sorry view to take of God's creation to imagine that the story it tells can do aught but enhance our idea of His power, His wisdom, and His goodness.

Before I proceed there are two remarks to be made by way of prelude. In the first place by science we mean knowledge gained from the study of the world around us. We do not mean what is but theory or speculation or hypothesis. That which is demonstrated it is scientific to believe—and that alone—and a thing is not demonstrated merely by being asserted and assumed. In the second place faith also means knowledge—knowledge without absolute demonstration. This is a point so absolutely dark to our adversaries that we may easily allow them to obscure it to themselves. They take it for granted that faith has nothing whatever to show for itself, except the authority—the human authority—on which it comes, and that we have absolutely no reason to give on our own behalf for believing as we do. But we need go no further than the Book of Doctrine and Covenants to see how false this is. Faith is a gift of God poured into our souls and shedding upon them a light, such as no natural means of knowledge can bestow. Faith is its own witness to the soul through the overpowering intensity of its light. Argu-

*A lecture delivered at Conference of the Y. M. M. I. A., of Bear Lake Stake, in Paris, Sept. 27, 1890.

ment may bring us to faith, but the conviction of reasoning pales beside the brilliancy of the knowledge which faith brings when that free gift is bestowed upon us.

The knowledge we acquire by natural processes may be true and sound, but it comes as through a glass darkly, gathered up and conducted to our minds from the glimpses and reflections of truth we detect in the universe. But in the things of faith God speaks not through His works but through Himself; and the humblest and most unlettered soul on which He deigns to set the seal of faith is possessed of a knowledge profounder, surer, and more dear than science can impart to the greatest of philosophers.

We start, therefore, naturally and necessarily with the assumption that our religion and faith is the truth, but we must not, therefore, refuse to regard the claims of science. Nature is a book given us by God to read, and the very fact that we can discover so much beauty there and so many marvels is a sure proof that He wishes us to read it. But we may approach its study with our minds at ease. Secure in the calm tranquility of faith, recognizing God's voice in her teachings, we need have no fear of pushing to their utmost consequences all discoveries we may make in the realms of science, provided only we be assured that they are TRUE discoveries. And this is the point on which we must assure ourselves when dealing with what comes to us in the name of science, more particularly of popular science. No doubt science has made giant strides in these latter days, but her advance has not kept pace with the eagerness of some of her followers. They would supplement her teachings with their own, and would have us believe that both claim equal authority. I allude at present—and shall in this paper entirely confine myself—to that branch of science which deals with the origin of the world and of man, a branch which may almost be said to have a monopoly of the objections brought against Christian belief; but it is these same objections which the world is taught to consider so formidable.

What are the facts?

The corner stone of the agnostic position is of course the evolutionary hypothesis of Mr. Darwin, itself developed and extended by Mr. Herbert Spencer and others. But in regard of this it is to be remarked in the first place that not one man in ten who advocates it has any real conception of what it is. Secondly, confining our attention to those who really understand it. The Darwinian theory may be said to have seen its best days—it is undoubtedly not gaining, but losing ground with men of science. As a summary proof of this assertion, I need only quote Mr. Mivart—an authority whose competency to speak on such a question none can deny—who describes the celebrated natural selection theory of Mr. Darwin as a "puerile hypothesis" and again as "the most absurd of absurd explanations." Sir Gabriel Stokes, President of the Royal Society of Great Britain, also remarks with astonishment upon the facility with which eminent men have accepted a theory for which he can discover no adequate demonstration, and which seems to him incompatible with the facts as revealed by science.

But in the third place—which is more to our present purpose—looked at in itself, it is clear that this theory is not, and cannot be a final settlement of the problem with which it attempts to deal.

No explanation of the facts of the Universe can be satisfactory which does not explain them all or which, at least, is not compatible with their explanation, and this is just where all purely material theories of evolution conspicuously fail. They cannot even profess to explain the moral order of the world, the distinction between right and wrong, and the obligation of conscience. They have, it is true, attempted to explain all this, but the futility and crude absurdity of the result is enough to stigmatize the hopelessness of the task. And equally impotent is the same science to account for the first beginnings of those forces with which it deals, or the origin of the laws by which they are governed. Here is the great

gulf which may not be passed by mechanical hypotheses.

The beginning is the crucial of all, but it is just of this that our so-called science is content perforce to tell us nothing; and then it outrages the name of science which it assumes by expecting our minds to be contented with what it offers as a final explanation.

I will illustrate what I mean by one example which I have sought in the writings of Professor Huxley, whom all will acknowledge as a most capable representative of the unbelieving school. He speaks of the Darwinian theory as having dealt a death blow to the belief in an intelligent Creator. How so? Because to quote his own words, "the existing world lay potentially in the cosmic vapour," which he assumes to have been its first condition, "and a sufficient intelligence could, from a knowledge of the properties of the molecules of that vapour, have predicted the actual condition of the world of to-day." Now let all this be granted, what then? Whence came that cosmic vapour? And whence came the laws by which it would have been possible to calculate what would become of it? Grant that the world in its primordial state was arranged like a musical box to produce a certain harmony, does that diminish the wonder that the harmony is produced, or dispense with the need of an artist to account for it? Yet this is the sort of explanation which in one form or another meets us at every turn, and which is apparently accepted without scruple by thousands in the name of science.

Evidence still more striking than this is afforded by Mr. Wallace—who may justly claim to be the joint author of the Darwinian theory. In defence of that theory he has lately written a book, wherein, after recapitulating the arguments from observation, by which Darwinism seems to be supported, he proceeds to some reflections of a more fundamental character, which would appear altogether to destroy all claims, on the part of the theory for which he pleads, to be considered a philosophical explanation of that which he attempts to explain.

He says: "There are at least three stages in the development of the organic world when some *new cause or power must necessarily have come into action*. The first stage is the change from inorganic to organic, when the earliest vegetable cell, or living protoplasm out of which it arose, first appeared. . . .

The next stage is still more marvelous, *still more completely beyond all possibility of explanation by matter, its laws and forces*. It is the introduction of sensation or consciousness, constituting the fundamental distinction between the animal and vegetable kingdom. *Here all idea of mere complication of structure producing the result is out of the question.*

The third stage is the existence in man of a number of his most characteristic and noblest faculties, those which raise him furthest above the brutes, and open up possibilities of almost indefinite advancement. *These faculties could not possibly have been developed by means of the same laws which have determined the progressive development of the organic world in general.*" And he concludes with these still more emphatic words: "These three distinct stages of progress, from the inorganic world of matter and motion up to man, *point clearly to an unseen universe—a world of spirit, to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate.*"

We do an injury to science when we assume towards its advances an attitude purely defensive. Not only does it not obscure the fundamental truths of natural theology, but it "points clearly" to the great first cause, from whom alone could come all that with the investigation of which it is concerned.

It has been well said that "the law of the conservation of energy has made atheism unscientific." The same may be said of recent researches into the past history of the earth's rotation. By each of these roads science leads us to recognize a condition of things in "the beginning" such as none of the forces we find in nature could have produced and which indeed they cannot even maintain.

The machine of the universe may be said to be as a clock which goes, it

is true, with admirable precision, but runs down in the going and which could never have wound itself up; for left to its own laws and forces it can but gravitate helplessly and hopelessly and certainly to a condition of stagnation and of death. All the forces we know of in nature part with the power of doing work as they exercise it, to recover it no more. This is a fact recognized by all men of science. Whence then did that power first come? Obviously science herself replies, from a source of energy not spent in the using—in other words from One, who could give what he had no need of receiving.

Although true knowledge rests on a higher basis than the opinions of men, yet it is certainly wise to observe the opinions of eminent scientists and it is well to remind ourselves that although the arguments which I have used in the previous part of this paper are certainly not those which find favor with those who present themselves most frequently as representatives of science, yet we have not far to seek among the foremost ranks of scientific men, in order to find witnesses of their truth.

"To treat of God," says Newton, the greatest of them all, "is a part of natural science. The whole variety of created things could only unite from the design and the will of a Being existing of Himself. This exact machinery of sun and planets could not originate except from the plan of a Being supremely intelligent and Almighty."

Sir Gabriel Stokes says: "We have evidence in the commencement of life on earth of the operation of a cause altogether beyond the ken of science. The study of the phenomena of nature leads us to the contemplation of a Being, from whom proceeded the orderly arrangement of the natural things that we behold."

Professors Stewart and Tate: "We assume as absolutely self-evident the existence of a Deity who is the Creator and Upholder of all things."

Still more emphatically speaks Sir William Thomson, of whom Scotland may so justly be proud, and under whom it has been my pleasure and privilege to

study, he says: "Overwhelming proofs of intelligence and benevolent design lie around us, showing us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living things depend upon one ever-acting Creator and ruler."

Sir William Siemens: "We find that all knowledge must lead up to one great result viz: that of an intelligent recognition of the Creator through His works."

Sir John Herschel: "The presence of a supreme mind is what solves the whole difficulty. Will without motion, power without design or thought opposed to reason would be admirable in explaining a *chaos*, but would render little aid in solving anything else."

Mr. Mivart, whom I have already mentioned: "The negation of God involves intellectual suicide." Other opinions of eminent men could be quoted, but this is enough to illustrate what I want.

The investigation of the laws and harmonies of nature affords an infinite field for the exercise of the highest human intellects. They do not create the wonder there met with; it is sufficient for their glory to understand what they find.

"What!" we may exclaim with even the infidel Didero, "can the formation of the universe be a lesser proof of intelligence than its explanation!"

Let us not therefore be afraid of science, but regard it as a most valuable auxiliary in our great task of knowing Him more fully, to acquire the knowledge of whom is the great object of those faculties he has given.

Far from regarding science as an enemy, let us welcome its discoveries, conscious that as on the one hand, God alone can explain what in our present limited intelligence we are forced to term the "mysteries" of nature, so on the other hand every fresh truth gathered from nature is another witness to and of God.

G. F. Phillips, M. A.

MY FIRST TIGER.

WE, that is the Major, Doctor, and myself, had been pottering about the outskirts of the Terai for some days, hoping to get news of a tiger. We had just pitched our camp, when our shikarri, Ali

by name, came hurriedly to our tent, saying that the headman of a neighboring village wished to speak with us. With him were some of the villagers, who came as a deputation, praying us to rid them of a tiger that was playing sad havoc with their cattle. The proposition was jumped at, and with Ali and two of his assistants I returned to the village with the headman. A wretched specimen of a bullock was bought for a few rupees, and was led out into the jungle. A good spot was found in an open space that at some time or another had been cleared for cultivation. A dead tree stood conveniently near the dense forest, and to this the bullock was tied, and we left the poor brute to its fate, while two men climbed into a tree to watch. Dinner was ready by the time I returned to camp, and the Major told us of some of his previous experiences with tigers. The Doctor had been on many a tiger hunt, but had never yet bagged one of the royal quarry. The fact of the matter was he was mad on ornithology, and he confessed that on more than one occasion he had been watching some rare specimen of the feathered tribe, and lost the golden opportunity for a good shot.

We turned in early, and soon the camp was hushed in silence, but the forest was alive with animal and insect life. Thousands of stridulating cicada seemed to make the very air vibrate; while here and there among the bushes the fire-flies flashed to and fro. Above all the insect chorus, however, could be heard the howl of the hyena or the bark of the prowling jackal.

Daylight saw us astir, and with it came the welcome news that the tiger had killed our bait during the night. Chautahazri, consisting of coffee and eggs, was soon disposed of, and we climbed into the howdah, strapped to our solitary elephant, and started for the village. Here all was excitement when we arrived. The headman had already mustered all available hands for beaters. Tom-toms, tin cans and short cudgels formed their armament, and it was a motley crew that marched out of the village that morning.

As we walked silently along the jungle path, for we had left the elephant at the edge of the forest, getting more and more wet every step from the dew-drops we shook from the tall grass or overhanging boughs, the whole line was suddenly brought to a stand-still.

In front was the village shikarri, then followed the Doctor. The latter was the cause of the halt. As the Major and myself pushed to the front, we saw him cautiously pointing to a tree above him with one hand, while the other was stretched out for his shot-gun.

"What the deuce is it?" asked the Major.

"Don't you see it?" answered the Doctor, excitedly. "Where's that fool with my gun?"

"Do you mean that infernal little bird?" questioned the Major.

"My dear Major, that's one of the rarest finches. Where's my gun?" continued the Doctor, in Hindostanee.

For the moment we were speechless, but the sight of the half-frightened servant coming up with the gun loosened at least the Major's tongue. He seized the gun himself, and turning to the Doctor, said, "Do you mean to say you are thinking of shooting that bird?"

"Of course I am," answered the astonished Doctor.

"And give the tiger notice of our approach? I've a hanged good mind to shoot you first," angrily retorted the Major.

"By Jove! I forgot all about the tiger."

There was no doubt he had.

As we entered the open space, signs were not wanting that the bullock had been killed, for sitting on the boughs of trees were vultures, while others were circling above in the air. As we came in sight of the carcass two jackals were seen running for the shelter of the neighboring jungle, while some of the carrion were gorging themselves on the corpse. The tiger had made a meal of the hind-quarters, and we could easily trace its spoor down toward the nullah or water-course.

The Doctor, who had won first choice of stations, determined to take up his

position in the fork of a tree that commanded the open patch, and also a short stretch of the nullah. The Major and myself had to make a detour to take up our posts lower down the water-course, as in all probability the tiger would conclude to cross it, and seek for shelter in the dense jungle beyond.

Half an hour saw us in position. The Major ensconced himself behind a rock, with a capital view of the now nearly dry river-bed, and a friendly tree in his rear; while I commanded a long stretch of the same, which just at the foot of the rock on which I lay took a sharp turn to the left. I also had a partial view of the patch that the Doctor was supposed to guard. Word was sent to the beaters, and I, at least, waited anxiously for coming events.

It was not long before the silence of the jungle was broken by the noise of the villagers.

There are few things more exciting than waiting to get your first sight of a tiger. Despite the knowledge that one must keep cool, the nerves got the upper hand, and it seemed as though the holding of the rifle steady had become an impossibility.

Now and again the long grass that bordered the nullah stirred, as some deer, hog, or jackal, fearful of the din, would dash across the shallow stream,

and vanish in the jungle that stretched for miles behind me.

I was peering into the thick undergrowth, when suddenly Ali touched me, and whispered: "Bāgh! bāgh!" (tiger, tiger) pointing toward the plot.

Yes, standing out in the open with its head turned in the direction of the din and hubbub, angrily twitching its tail, stood a magnificent tiger. For some seconds—they seemed an hour—that tiger stood there some 200 yards from me, and then turned back into the woods. The noise of the beaters grew louder and louder, and I was beginning to fear that the beast intended to break through their line, when, almost exactly opposite me, the tall grass was gently pushed aside, and out into the full glare of day stepped the tiger. It started to pass down the nullah, but for a second halted on a slab of rock to listen to the noise of its enemies.

It was a splendid shot. A sharp crack of a rifle, and then to my joy I saw the quarry lying on its stomach, tearing up the ground around in its impotent rage, and growling as only a tiger can. There was no necessity for a second shot, for as we scrambled to the top of the rock that had concealed us, the royal brute rolled over on its side, while a stream of blood from its mouth made assurance doubly sure.—*Harper's Weekly.*

BY WORD OF MOUTH.

Not though you die to-night, O Sweet, and wail,

A spectre at my door,

Shall mortal Fear make Love immortal fail—

I shall but love you more,

Who, from Death's house returning, give me still
One moment's comfort in my matchless ill.

Shadow Houses.

THIS tale may be explained by those who know how souls are made, and where the bounds of the Possible are put down. I have lived long enough in this country to know that it is best to know nothing, and can only write the story as it happened.

Dumoise was our Civil Surgeon at Meridki, and we called him "Dormouse,"

because he was a round little, sleepy little man. He was a good doctor and never quarreled with any one, not even with our Deputy Commissioner, who had the manners of a bargee and the tact of a horse. He married a girl as round and as sleepy looking as himself. She was a Miss Hillardyce, daughter of "Squash" Hillardyce of the Berars, who married his chief's daughter by mistake. But that is another story.

A honeymoon in India is seldom more than a week long; but there is nothing to hinder a couple from extending it over two or three years. This is a delightful country

for married folks who are wrapped up in one another. They can live absolutely alone and without interruption—just as the Dormice did. These two little people retired from the world after their marriage, and were very happy. They were forced of course, to give occasional dinners, but they made no friends hereby, and the Station went its own way and forgot them; only saying, occasionally, that Dormouse was the best of good fellows, though dull. A Civil Surgeon who never quarrels is a rarity, appreciated as such.

Few people can afford to play Robinson Crusoe anywhere—least of all in India, where we are few in the land, and very much dependent on each others' kind offices. Dumoise was wrong in shutting himself from the world for a year, and he discovered his mistake when an epidemic of typhoid broke out in the Station in the heart of the cold weather, and his wife went down. He was a shy little man, and five days were wasted before he realized that Mrs. Dumoise was burning with something worse than simple fever, and three days more passed before he ventured to call on Mrs. Shute, the engineer's wife, and timidly speak about his trouble. Nearly every household in India knows that doctors are very helpless in typhoid. The battle must be fought out between death and the nurses, minute by minute and degree by degree. Mrs. Shute almost boxed Dumoise's ears for what she called his "criminal delay," and went off at once to look after the poor girl. We had several cases of typhoid in the Station that winter and, as the average of death is about one in every five cases, we felt certain that we should have to lose somebody. But all did their best. The women sat up nursing the women, and the men turned to and tended the bachelors who were down, and we wrestled with those typhoid cases for fifty-six days, and brought them through the Valley of the Shadow in triumph. But, just when we thought all was over, and were going to give a dance to celebrate the victory, little Mrs. Dumoise got a relapse and died in a week, and the Station went to the funeral.

Dumoise broke down utterly at the brink of the grave, and had to be taken away.

After the death, Dumoise crept into his own house and refused to be comforted. He did his duties perfectly, but we all felt that he should go on leave, and the other men of his own service told him so. Dumoise was very thankful for the suggestion—he was thankful for anything in those days—and went to Chini on a walking-tour. Chini is some twenty marches from Simla, in the heart of the hills, and the scenery is good if you are in trouble. You pass through big, still deodar forests, and under big, still cliffs, and over big, still grass-downs, swelling like a woman's breasts; and the wind across the grass, and the rain among the deodars say: "Hush, hush, hush!" So little Dumoise was packed off to Chini, to wear down his grief, with a full-plate camera, and a rifle. He took also a useless bearer, because the man had been his wife's favorite servant. He was idle and a thief, but Dumoise trusted everything to him.

On his way back from Chini, Dumoise turned aside to Bagi, through the Forest Reserve which is on the spur of Mount Huttoo. Some men who have traveled more than a little say that the march from Kotegarh to Bagi is one of the finest in creation. It runs through dark wet forest, and ends suddenly in bleak, nipped hill-side and black rocks. Bagi dak-bungalow is open to all the winds and is bitterly cold. Few people go to Bagi. Perhaps that is the reason why Dumoise went there. He halted at seven in the evening, and his bearer went down the hill-side to the village to engage coolies for the next day's march. The sun had set, and the night winds were beginning to croon among the rocks. Dumoise leaned on the railing of the verandah, waiting for his bearer to return. The man came back almost immediately after he had disappeared, and at such a rate that Dumoise fancied he must have crossed a bear. He was running as hard as he could up the face of the hill.

But there was no bear to account for his terror. He raced to the verandah and fell down, the blood spurting from

his nose and his face iron-gray. Then he gurgled: "I have seen the *Memsahib!* (mistress.) I have seen the *Memsahib!*"

"Where," said Dumoise.

"Down there, walking on the road to the village. She was in a blue dress, and she lifted the veil of her bonnet and said: 'Ram Dass, give my *Salaams* to the *Sahib*, (master,) and tell him that I shall meet him next month at Nuddea.' Then I ran away, because I was afraid."

What Dumoise said or did I do not know. Ram Dass declares that he said nothing, but walked up and down the verandah all the cold night, waiting for the *Memsahib* to come up the hill, and stretching out his arms into the dark like a madman. But no *Memsahib* came, and, next day, he went on to Simla cross-questioning the bearer every hour.

Ram Dass could only say that he had met Mrs. Dumoise and that she had lifted up her veil and given him the message which he had faithfully repeated to Dumoise. To this statement Ram Dass adhered. He did not know where Nuddea was, had no friends at Nuddea, and would most certainly never go to Nuddea; even though his pay were doubled.

Nuddea is in Bengal, and has nothing whatever to do with a doctor serving in the Punjab. It must be more than twelve hundred miles from Meridki.

Dumoise went through Simla without halting, and returned to Meridki there to take over charge from the man who had been officiating for him during his tour. There were some dispensary accounts to be explained, and some recent orders of the Surgeon-General to be noted, and, altogether, the taking-over was a full day's work. In the evening, Dumoise told his *locum tenens*, who was an old friend of his bachelor days, what had happened at Bagi; and the man said that Ram Dass might as well have chosen Tuticorin while he was about it.

At that moment a telegraph-peon came in with a telegram from Simla, ordering Dumoise not to take over charge at Meridki, but to go at once to Nuddea on special duty. There was a nasty outbreak of cholera at Nuddea, and the Bengal Government being shorthanded,

as usual, had borrowed a surgeon from the Punjab.

Dumoise threw the telegram across the table and said:—"Well?"

The other doctor said nothing. It was all that he could say.

Then he remembered that Dumoise had passed through Simla on his way from Bagi; and thus might, possibly, have heard first news of the impending transfer.

He tried to put the question, and he implied suspicion into words, but Dumoise stopped him with:—"If I had desired *that*, I should never have come back from Chini. I was shooting there. I wish to live for I have things to do . . . but I shall not be sorry."

The other man bowed his head, and helped in the twilight, to pack up Dumoise's just opened trunks. Ram Dass entered with the lamps.

"Where is the *Sahib* going?" he asked.

"To Nuddea," said Dumoise softly.

Ram Dass clawed Dumoise's knees and boots and begged him not to go. Ram Dass wept and howled till he was turned out of the room. Then he wrapped up all his belongings and came back to ask for a character. He was not going to Nuddea to see his *Sahib* die, and, perhaps to die himself.

So Dumoise gave the man his wages and went down to Nuddea alone; the other doctor bidding him good-bye as one under sentence of death.

Eleven days later, he had joined his *Memsahib*; and the Bengal Government had to borrow a fresh doctor to cope with that epidemic at Nuddea. The first importation lay dead in Chooadanga Dak-Bungalow. *Rudyard Kipling.*

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials await the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time. *Whittier.*

The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making.

Ruskin.

DRAGONS OF THE AIR.

MANY stories, weird and wonderful have come to us as a legacy of the past. We hear of huge serpents, with tongues of poison, eyes of flame, and wings of prodigious strength. These were the fabled dragons, which, in the form described, existed only in the imaginations of the story tellers. Yet, in modern times, we learn that the most improbable of these strange tales have some foundation in fact. The exaggerations of fiction are the products of abnormal imagination, and there is the less excuse for the extravaganzas, because there actually exist many creatures whose forms and habits are as wonderful as were those of the fiercest dragons of antiquity.

Notable characteristics of all the fabled monsters of the dragon tribe were their surprising powers of swift and long continued flight, their fiery fierceness of expression, and the distinctive vigor of their jaws. All these belong to our living dragons too,—the dragons of the air. These are the *dragon flies*, as they are

in this region; *horse-stingers*, as they are called without a shadow of justification for the name, by the children of Britain.

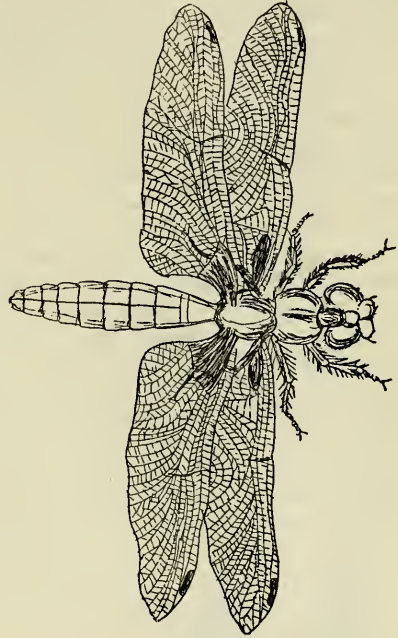


Fig. 2.

All of these titles suggest an aspect more or less unpleasing; and indeed to most people the creature is a horrible creation.

Its eyes are brilliant in their sunny depths, and its wings are in tint and texture indescribable, but the mouth parts are actually terrifying to the observer, the jaws are formidable and threatening. Yet this dislike of ours toward the insect may be to a great extent the result of prejudice; undoubtedly if we could examine a dragon fly, dispassionately and without bias, we would find more of beauty than of ugliness about the creature. The French entomologists delight to extol the beauties of the insect, its elegance of shape, its grace of movement, the splendor of its coloring; and the people of France have shown their admiration by naming it "Demoiselle."

But let us examine for ourselves some of these ærial wonders,—flying terrors to us, winged beauties to some. Figure 1 represents one of the largest and finest of its kind; the sketch, however, is reduced

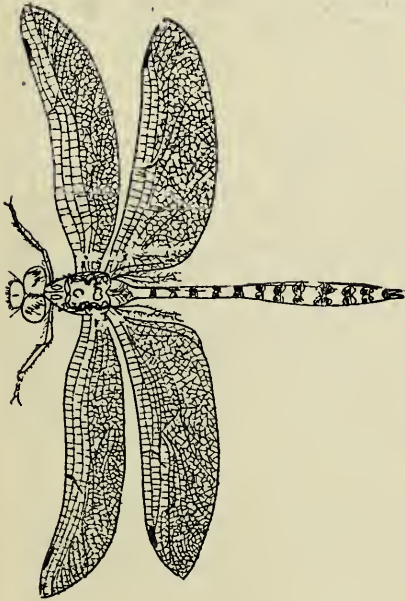


Fig. 1.

appropriately called; *darning needles*, as the children name them, doubtlessly, because of their long slender bodies; *mosquito hawks*, as they are styled by some

in size from the original nearly one-half. During the last summer I have taken four specimens of this insect of extraordinary size: each measuring $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches from head to tail, and 6 inches between opposite wing tips. This gorgeous creature is a representative of the tribe of *Aeshna*.

But a poor idea of the insect's beauty is obtainable from a sketch: we must gaze on the real creature. First let us catch it. Our hunting apparatus will consist of an ordinary butterfly net; our field, the region of a pond or some stream with wooded banks, during any of the summer or early autumn months. Here we shall find the dragon at home, freely indulging the murderous propensity of its nature. How it flits through the air, without any apparent purpose in its movements, occasionally poising itself like a hawk above its prey, then darting off with a speed so great that no analysis of its movements is possible. We must watch for an opportunity, and as the creature comes within range, make a

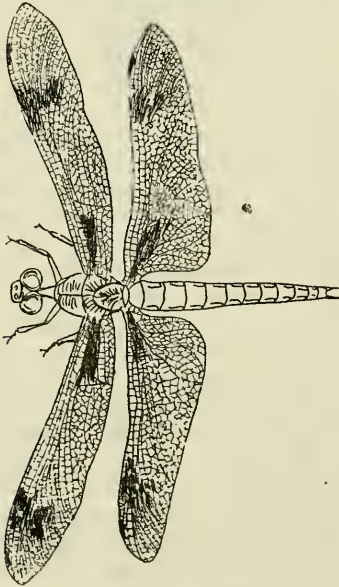


Fig. 3.

stroke with the net. It struggles mightily against the imprisoning gauze; but we can remove it without fear of injury to ourselves: then we can examine it at leisure. Look at its eyes; eye-masses we should call them, for each of those lus-

trous balls shows under the microscope over twelve thousand separate and distinct facets, near twenty-five thousand in both. Beside these huge compound eyes, the insect possesses three single eyes,

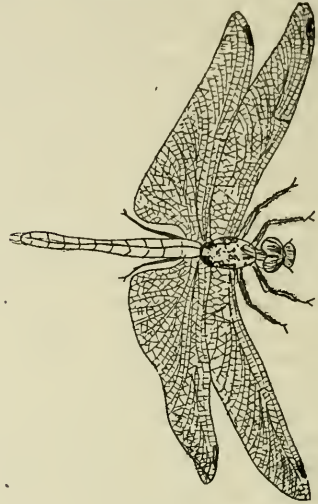


Fig. 4.

ocilli they are called; these are set between the larger balls. The eye facets are of varying size, and apparently suited for either long or short range of vision. A naturalist friend of mine in a recent letter calls the dragon fly's orb of sight, a "telescopic-microscopic eye." The wings too present a sheen of wondrous beauty. Could human power fashion any fabric so delicate and beautiful? Now examine the mouth; if organs of this shape and corresponding size belong to the lion or tiger, we would regard those beasts with greater terror than we do now.

But let us seek other dragons; there is a variety of them in these parts. Here (figure 2.) is one of the thick bodied kind; this is very common in European lands; it is called *Libellula depressa*, and in general shape offers a strong contrast to the slender creature before described. Each must examine for himself the specimen; space permits no extended description.

Figure 3 is a sketch of the cloud-wing dragon fly; figure 4 illustrates a dragon of the order *Diplax*; and figure 5 represents the larva of the last named.

The larvae of the these insects, the young dragons as we may call them, are

not less interesting in form and habit than are the flying images themselves. During the early stages the dragon-fly lives in water; its popular name in this condition is *water tiger*. This appellation, implying fierceness, is well deserved. The creature apparently lives to eat, and its entire life is a career of murder.

Let us examine the larva of the large insect, *Aeshna grandis* (figure 6.) The mouth parts are wonderful. In front of the jaws is a large horny plate set as a shield; this has been named the mask. The front of this mask is provided with a pair of efficient forceps, which are finely toothed along a portion of the inner edges. With this instrument the insect catches its prey. The sketch (figure 6) represents such a larva with mask extended, in the act of striking.

The dragon fly's method of propelling itself through the water may be studied by placing a larva in a vessel of turbid water, and carefully observing its actions. The insect takes water into the body and

reacts upon the vessel and propels it forward with considerable speed. It is confessed that this principle of boat pro-



Fig. 5.

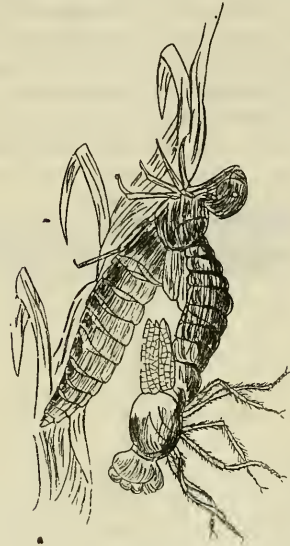


Fig. 7.

pulsion was learned from the habit of the water-tiger.

Dragon fly larvæ are voracious feeders; they devour aquatic insects of such kinds as they are able to capture, also fish spawn in great quantity, and even small fish. Fish raisers, who know this, wage fierce war upon the dragon fly and all its kind. It is impracticable to capture large numbers of the larvæ, and efforts are more wisely directed toward killing the mature insect, as soon as possible after its escape from the water, thereby preventing the deposition of eggs. The insect lives several months in the larval state, and then becomes a pupa, with comparatively little change, however. Unlike most insect pupæ, the dragon fly in this stage is still active and hungry. After a life in the water of from twelve to fifteen months, the insect is prepared to enter upon the last stage of its career. It usually crawls upon a reed or some such convenient support, and there, holding by its legs, bursts open the pupa shell, and emerges as a winged insect. Figure 7 illustrates this process in the case of *Libellula depressa*, the mature form of which was sketched in figure 2,

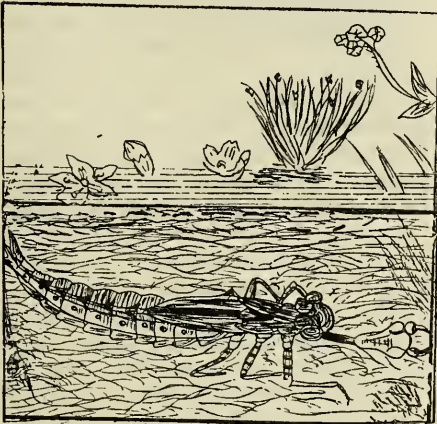


Fig. 6.

then forcibly expels the same through valvular openings at the posterior end, thus securing a direct motion of the body. This principle has been applied in the construction of certain forms of steam-boats; the water being admitted into the chambers of such vessels, and then expelled by the action of powerful pumps. The backward movement of the water

At first the wings are small and thick; they soon dry, however, and the insect leaves its discarded coat, and sets out upon an aerial voyage of carnage and death.

The female dragon fly deposits her eggs in the water, some species simply dropping them into the liquid, others gluing them in masses on water weeds.

All the dragon flies thus far referred to belong to the group of *Libellulides*, in



Fig. 8.

which the head is rounded. Another group is that of the *Agrionides*, very slender creatures, with their heads set crosswise, so that they look with wings removed, very like tiny croquet mallets. Figure 8 illustrates one of our common agrionides, its body is as slender as a

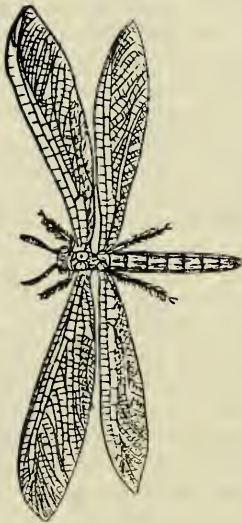


Fig. 9.

sewing needle, its prevailing tint is an indescribable blue or green.

Another insect, certainly a cousin, it not a nearer relative of the dragon fly, is the ant-lion, *Myrmeleon formicarius*.

Like its near relative, it belongs to the order *Neuroptera* or nerve-winged insects, so-called on account of the delicate veinings and nerve-like reticulations of the wings. The adult ant-lion is a beautiful insect; (figure 9) though not remarkable for any peculiarity of appearance or habit; its larva however is a noted being.

The larva is shown in figure 10; observe its stout body, and strong, formidable jaws. This creature lives in the sand, making for itself a pit, from two to three inches in diameter, and nearly two inches deep. This is symmetrical and funnel-shaped; it is shown in figure 11. At the bottom the ant-lion lies concealed, only its jaws project.

Any unfortunate ant hastening toward its home, or bent on search for food, on coming to the treacherous pit-



Fig. 10.

fall is apt to tumble down, there to be seized and devoured by the hidden lion. If the ant gains a foothold on the side of the funnel and starts to climb, the con-



Fig. 11.

cealed larva throws up a quantity of sand, this likely precipitates the ant once more into the pit.

There is wonderful diversity in the habits of insects. Could we but fathom their nature to its depths, and learn the purposes of their little lives, we would be wiser than we are. *J. E. Talmage.*

"What is the real good,"
I ask in musing mood;
"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," said the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
'Kindness' is the word."

STUDIES FROM FROISSART.

CHIVALRY.

OF ALL the writers of the days of Chivalry, none is more famous than the immortal Sir John Froissart. His journeyings from the courts of princes and feudal lords, throughout England, France and Spain are faithfully described in his renowned Chronicles. His opportunities for studying the celebrated men of his time and the customs and practices of the most interesting period of the Middle Ages were the best, and he employed them wisely, in making a faithful record of all that he saw, and that is illustrative of the heroic days in which he lived, A. D. 1337-1410.

That we may thoroughly appreciate and enjoy the extracts and annotations from his writings which it is proposed to give, it may be well, by way of introduction, to devote some space to an explanation of the significance and character of the institution of Chivalry itself.

The word Chivalry, derived from the French *Chevalier*, has the same literal meaning as the English word Cavalry, signifying a body of soldiers serving on horseback; but as applied to the history of the Middle Ages, it has a peculiar meaning, and represents a great military institution, established in nearly all the countries of Europe, having professedly a moral object and governed by fixed laws, rules and customs. The religious character taken up by the profession of arms and blended with it, probably dates from the ninth or tenth century, when the commutation of penances prescribed by the canons of the Romish Church for pilgrimages to Rome or Jerusalem, and the widespread belief that the end of the world was rapidly approaching, contributed to such a union, especially among the chivalrous Normans, who were the first to adopt the religious character and to engage in military enterprises, having religious ends or objects in view. During the eleventh century, this disposition spread throughout Europe and the union of religious and military ardor led nearly all professors of Chivalry into many heroic enterprises of a religious character,

the chief of which were, undoubtedly, the Crusades.

The objects of Chivalry from this period were clearly defined to rescue the oppressed from oppression, to assert the dignity and protect the virtue of women, and to maintain the religious faith against the infidel. An institution with such objects, embracing the noblest born, the bravest and best soldiers of all European countries in its membership could not fail to exercise a remarkable influence on the times in which it flourished. Mr. James in his history of Chivalry says: "There cannot be a doubt that Chivalry, more than any other institution, except religion, aided to work out the civilization of Europe. It first taught devotion and reverence to those weak fair beings, who, but in their beauty and gentleness, have no defence. It first raised love above the passions of the brute, and by dignifying woman, made woman worthy of love. It gave purity to enthusiasm, crushed barbarous selfishness, taught the heart to expand like a flower to the sunshine, beautified glory with generosity, and smoothed even the rugged brow of war."

Chivalry prevailed when feudalism was at its height, but was most prominent in England during the reigns of Richard I., Edward I. and Edward III. The inglorious days of King John, Henry III. and Edward II., offered but little encouragement to an institution in which gallantry and valor had so large a share. Edward III. was a munificent patron of Chivalry, doing everything he could to foster it. He delighted in all manner of military exploits, in the celebration of jousts and tournaments, and lost no opportunity of improving the profession of arms.

Chivalry as an organized institution was not confined to any one country, but pervaded Europe. It had its settled rules, orders and customs. The warriors of Chivalrous times underwent a long initiation, having to pass through the several stages of progress, as page, squire and knight, with fidelity to the requirements of each office, which had duties and responsibilities peculiar to

itself. As early as the age of twelve the Christian warrior entered upon the office of page, remaining in it for two years. This period was one of instruction, in which the acolyte of Chivalry learned modesty, obedience and skill in horsemanship, and was exercised in the use of the lighter weapons which he would have to bear, as squire and knight, in the battlefield. The page was usually retained at the court or castle of some noble baron, whom he attended in his field of sports, as well as at the tournament and camp. He poured out the wine for his lord at the banquet, flayed and disemboweled the prey taken at the hunt, placed it on the table when cooked and carved the dishes. His duty was largely in attendance upon the ladies, for whom he performed many acts of courtesy, and among whom made many friends, who should have pride in his future prowess as squire or knight.

His noviciate passed, the more onerous duties of squire commenced. The office of squire combined duties of a warlike and of a menial character. Among the latter, he laced his master's helmet, buckled his cuirass, closed the rivets of his armor and in some instances performed other duties of a *valet de chambre*, such as shaving his lord's face and curling his hair. The more manly exercises in which he was engaged, were those best suited to fit him for war. They consisted in feats of strength and agility, tilting and riding, and military evolutions of all kinds. It is related of the renowned Boucicaut, that he was taught to spring upon a horse while armed at all points; to exercise himself in running; to strike for a length of time with ax or club; to dance, to throw somersets when entirely armed, except his helmet; to mount horseback, behind a comrade, by barely laying a hand on his sleeve; to raise himself between partition walls to any height, by placing his back against one and his knees and hands against the other; to mount a ladder placed against a tower on the under side, solely by aid of his hands; to throw a javelin and to pitch a bar. The most important of a squire's duties, however, were on the battlefield. He

had charge of his master's shield and horse, and when in actual engagement, he had to support him in any undertaking that he might propose. Although in theory, the office of squire was preparatory to that of knighthood, there are many instances where the squires preferred to remain such, and in that office, were in command of small bodies of troopers, whom they led to the aid of any to whom honor or profit might take them.

Knighthood, however, was the office of honor and command in Chivalry, and its attainment signified hardihood, courage, and the best qualities of heart and hand. The ceremonies by which it was conferred, whenever time and place permitted, were long and splendid. Preparatory to entering upon his new dignity the squire was stripped of his garments and took a bath; on leaving which he was clad in a white tunic, the symbol of purity; a red robe, emblematic of the blood he was to shed in the cause of Chivalry; and a black doublet, in token of death, which would be his lot, as well as that of his fellowmen. Thus purified and clothed he would enter the church and pass the night in prayer, often alone, but sometimes with a friend who prayed with him. The first act of the next morning was that of confession, after which he took communion or the sacrament. He then advanced to the altar, where the prince or noble lord, from whom he was to receive the order of knighthood, stood, and kneeling before him, he would receive the accolade—three strokes upon the neck, with the flat part of a sword, in the hands of him who conferred the distinction — accompanied by words, about as follows: "In the name of God and St. George (or St. Michael) I make thee a Knight; be faithful, bold and fortunate."

After this the churchmen and very often ladies of high rank who were present assisted to array the new knight in the garb of his order; putting on first his gilt spurs, then his coat of mail, his breastplate, arm pieces, gauntlets, and last of all his sword, which had been previously laid upon the altar. The oath of

Chivalry was then administered to him, which was to the effect that he would be faithful to God, to the king and to the ladies. After this his helmet was brought to him and a horse, upon which he usually sprang without the aid of stirrups and carraoled within the church, brandishing his lance and flourishing his sword. Then quitting the sacred edifice he exhibited himself in similar manner before the public.

The ceremonies of investiture of the different orders of knighthood were quite varied, and in some respects were often suggestive of an origin, the same as ceremonies of the Masonic Order, in the perverted ordinances of the Gospel practiced by the early Christians, after the priesthood had been taken away. The following account of the rituals belonging to the Order of the Bath is extremely curious and will illustrate some points of resemblance such as are referred to above: "Each of the new knights was attended by two squires of honor, gentlemen of blood, and bearing coats of arms, who were worshipfully received at the door of an appointed chamber by the king-of-arms and the gentleman usher of the Order. The person thus elected entered into the chamber with the squires, who being experienced in matters of Chivalry were usually called esquire-governors. They instructed the candidate in the nature, dignity and duties of the military order; they took care that all the ceremonies should be explained, as they had allegorical significations, and punctually observed. The elected was not permitted to be seen by outsiders from the time he entered upon the ceremonies, and the esquire-governors on the first evening of his entry, sent for a proper barber to make ready a bathing vessel, handsomely lined inside and out with linen, having cross hoops over it, covered with tapestry; a blanket was spread on the floor by the side of the bathing vessel. The beard of the elected being shaven and his hair cut, the squires acquainted the sovereign or great master of the order that he was prepared for the bath. Some of the sage and experienced knights then went into council and

prepared to direct the elect in the order and feats of Chivalry. These knights being preceded by several esquires of the sovereign's household, and accompanied by minstrels playing songs of rejoicing on their instruments, repaired to the prince's chamber. The esquire-governors upon hearing the music, undressed the elected and put him into the bath. The music ceasing, the grave knights entering the chamber without any noise, severally, one after the other, kneeling near the bathing vessel, *with a soft voice*, instructed the elected in the nature and course of the bath, and put him in mind that forever after he ought to keep his body and mind pure and undefiled. Thereupon the knights, each of them, cast some of the water of the bath upon the shoulders of the elected, and retired, while the esquire-governors took the elected out of the bath and conducted him to his pallet bed, which was plain and without curtains. As soon as his body was dry, they clothed him very warm in a robe of russet, having long sleeves reaching down to the ground, and tied about the middle with a cordon of ash colored and russet silk, with russet hood, like to a hermit, having a white napkin hanging to the cordon or girdle. The barber having removed the bathing vessel, the experienced knights again entered, and from hence conducted the elected to the chapel of King Henry VII. They being thus entered preceded by all the esquires making rejoicings and the minstrels playing before them, the elected thanked the knights and squires for their kind services; and they all departed, leaving only the elected, one of the prebendaries of the church of Westminster, the chandler and the verger of the church. There he performed his vigils during the whole night in prayers to God, with a taper burning before him.

When the day broke and the elected had heard morning prayers, the esquire-governors reconducted him to the prince's chamber and laid him in bed. When the proper time came, the great master was informed that he was ready to rise, and the sage knights were commanded to proceed again to the chamber.

The elected having been aroused by the music and the esquires having provided everything in readiness, the knights at their entry wished the elected a good morning and ordered him to arise, whereupon the esquires taking him by the arm, the oldest of the knights gave him his shirt, the next his breeches, the third his doublet, the fourth a surcoat of red tartan, lined and edged with white sarsenet, two others took him out of bed, two others drew on his boots, in token of the beginning of his warfare, another girded him with his white girdle, put on his coif or bonnet; and lastly, another flung on him the costly mantle of his order."

Such appear to have been some of the ceremonies of investiture of knight-hood. Ceremonies gorgeous as the rights they conferred were great. In point of rank, knights were the associates of princes, and in war qualified to take high command. War indeed was their element; for it and by it, in one sense, they lived and what Butler says of them is frequently found to be not more humorous than true:

"They did in fight but cut work out,
To employ their courtesy about."

De Vallibus.

WORDS THAT LAUGH AND CRY.

Did it ever strike you that there was anything queer about the capacity of written words to absorb and convey feelings? Taken separately they are mere symbols, with no more feeling to them than so many bricks, but string them along in a row under certain mysterious conditions, and you find yourself laughing or crying as your eye runs over them. That words should convey mere ideas is not so remarkable. "The boy is fat," "the cat has nine tails," are statements that seem obviously enough within the power of written language. But it is different with feelings. They are no more visible in the symbols that hold them than electricity is visible in the wire; and yet there they are, always ready to respond when the right test is applied by the right person. That spoken words, charged by human tones and lighted by human eyes, should carry feelings, is not so astonish-

ing. The magnetic sympathy of the orator one understands; he might affect his audience, possibly, if he spoke in a language they did not know. But written words—how can they do it? Suppose, for example, that you possess reasonable facility in grouping language, and that you have strong feelings upon some subject, which finally you determine to commit to paper. Your pen runs along; the proper words present themselves, or are dragged out, and fall into their places. You are a good deal moved; here you chuckle to yourself, and half a dozen lines further down a lump comes into your throat, and perhaps you have to wipe your eyes. You finish, and the copy goes to the printer. When it gets into print a reader sees it. His eye runs along the lines and down the page until it comes to the place where you chuckled as you wrote; then he smiles, and six lines below he has to swallow several times and snuffle and wink to restrain an exhibition of weakness. And then some one else comes along who is not so good a word-juggler as you are, or who has no feelings, and swaps the words about a little and twists the sentences; and behold! the spell is gone and you have left a parcel of written language duly charged with facts, but without a single feeling. No one can juggle with words with any degree of success without getting a vast respect for their independent ability. They will catch the best idea a man ever had as it flashes through his brain, and hold on to it, to surprise him with it long after, and make him wonder that he was ever man enough to have such an idea. And often they will catch an idea on the way from the brain to the pen-point, turn, twist, and improve on it as the eye winks, and in an instant there they are, strung hand in hand across the page and grinning back at the writer: "This is our idea, old man—not yours!" As for poetry, every word that expects to earn its salt in poetry should have a head and pair of legs of its own, to go and find its place, carrying another word if necessary. If the words won't do this for him it indicates that he is out of sympathy with his tools. But you don't

find feelings in written words unless there were feelings in the man who wrote them. With all their apparent independence they seem to be little vessels that hold in some puzzling fashion exactly what is put into them. You can put tears into them, as though they were so many little buckets; and you can hang smiles along them, like Monday's clothes on the line, or you can starch them with facts and stand them up like a picket fence; but you won't get the tears out unless you first put them in. Art won't put them there. It is like the faculty of

getting the quality of interest into pictures. If the quality exists in the artist's mind he is likely to find means to get it into his pictures, but if it isn't in the man no technical skill will supply it. So if the feelings are in the writer and he knows his business, they will get into the words; but they must be in him first. It isn't the way the words are strung together that makes Lincoln's Gettysburg speech immortal, but the feelings that were in the man. But how do such little plain words manage to keep their grip on such feelings? That is the miracle.

MARY.

A STORY OF SAGE-BRUSH BENCH.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Gray.

I.

HER name was Mary—not May nor Mamie, but plain simple Mary—and she lived on Sage-brush Bench. Now, before going further with this narrative, I may as well tell you that it does not deal with lords and ladies, dukes and barons; in fact, it has nothing to do with what is called "high life;" and if any of my readers cannot endure a plain account of a homely life, they had better pass by this article altogether. As for me, there is nothing I like better than to hear of the unpretentious heroism of the plodding commoner; to hear of the mighty deeds of moral courage that are taking place every day among the forgotten millions of our race; deeds that are never heralded to the world but remain with the doer, not to die but to form a choice stone in the construction of his character. They who sit in high places are before the public gaze. Their little acts of bravery are looked upon in wonder and admiration—know ye not that scattered over all earth's plains and valleys, hidden in its nooks and crannies, God's humblest creatures are daily performing acts of courage, before which the deeds of the

exalted pale into insignificance. But there, I am preaching and I started out to tell a story.

Well, Mary, as I said, lived on Sage-brush Bench; and not a very beautiful place it was. It lay close to the mountain, six miles from the city and one mile from the village below. The soil was rich enough and raised a few potatoes. But since Farmer Dolphs had removed from the city, three years ago, his scanty capital had gradually diminished and the little band of boys and girls around his sage-brush fireside were getting more threadbare and at times a little more hungry than ever. Farmer Dolphs was strong in his determination to conquer the sterile soil; by another year the canal would be finished, and water would gurgle into the dry ground and unlock from earth her hidden treasures. But it was a hard struggle and I verily believe he would not have succeeded in his undertaking had it not been for Mary.

Mary, his oldest daughter, was nineteen. He had four children besides, and as he was a widower, Mary became the head of the household in her father's absence. She was general housekeeper. She was mother to little Norah, and rebellious Dick; advisor to steady George and mischievous Roland. She was the cook and the washwoman. She made her own and Norah's dresses—they were not al-

ways in the latest style, but, as styles changed so often and she lived so far from the center of fashion, we can excuse that. She patched and repatched the smaller boys' trousers, and as for that, her father's too. She looked after the milking, did the churning, and sent the boys to town with butter and eggs. Mary did all this and innumerable minor duties of home, and noblest of it all, did it cheerfully. It was hard work; it kept her going from daylight to dark. Still she did not complain—it was her duty.

Who then can say that Mary was not a heroine, performing heroic deeds every day of her life?

A hot July day had closed. Twilight was darkening the valley below as Mary brought the pails to the boys for the milking. She paused by the bars of the corral, looking at her father, who was plodding homeward with his grubbing-hoe across his shoulders. Father was tired; his step seemed slower than usual to-night. Mary saw it and her own weary body straightened from the leaning position on the fence. There was a listlessness also in her manner quite foreign to her bright activity. The boys each received his pail and set to milking. Mary still remained at the bars, the evening breeze pressing the calico garment against the slight form. And here I am reminded that no description as yet has been given of my heroine; a sorry oversight indeed. Was she good looking? What was the color of hair and the poise of her head? Never mind. Each reader has no doubt formed a mental picture of her by this time and I shall neither add to nor take from it, except to say that her figure was slender, and her complexion light. Yes, she was beautiful too—the good are always beautiful, and Mary was a good girl, else I would not be writing her history.

"Father," said Mary as he was about to pass her into the house, "I want to speak to you a minute."

"Yes Mary," and her father stopped by her side, "What is it?"

After a pause she went on, "I want to speak to you about—there was a gentleman here yesterday, who said he was

looking for a girl, a girl to do housework. He said he would pay good wages as he must have one and"—she paused again but he failed to help her: he simply said, "Well?" "And," she continued, "I've been thinking what a help it would be to us to get a little money—Norah needs shoes and I"—he glanced down at the well-worn dress and ragged shoe—"You see Norah could stay at Sister Smith's—if only you and the boys could get along for a week or two—perhaps you could'nt but I thought I would just mention it to you." Farmer Dolphs looked at her in a strange way and she dropped her head a little.

"So you want to work out, do you," he said.

"No, I don't want to father, but—"

"Yes, I understand," he interrupted, "I am certainly opposed to you going to the city alone to work. You know the evils that exist there and the temptations that would beset you. Try to content yourself a little longer and we will all shortly pull out of our present poor circumstances."

"All right, father."

"We might be able to get along without you, but it would be difficult, my girl."

"I'll not go. I was only thinking of it anyway." But as she strained away the milk that night she had hard work to keep down a sob. The vision of new shoes and dresses took their departure.

Poor Mary! There was another besides the pecuniary cause which added to her disappointment a little—just a little—so little in fact that Mary would hardly acknowledge it to herself. A certain young blacksmith lived in town. Of course this was nothing strange, but this certain young blacksmith had been out on Sagebrush Bench hunting rabbits a number of times. He was well acquainted with George, and one day he had ended business with pleasure—or pleasure with business, either way—and taken Mary to a party in the village over the creek. Next day the tunes she usually sang with a vim over the pots and pans, she hummed in a subdued tone. That had been two months ago, and although plenty of gunners had stopped to drink buttermilk from her tin dipper, none of them had

ruffled the even tenor of her thoughts. Perhaps it was a foolish weakness on Mary's part; if so, it was also a weakness of human nature. So she kept her disappointment to herself and performed her daily duties as usual.

I think it was sometime in August when work became slack in the blacksmith shop of Peterson and Wilson; and as time hung heavily on his hands, so he said, Oscar Wilson found himself shooting "jacks" on Sage-brush Bench. Mary saw him coming and a flush mounted to her forehead and glowed on her cheeks. As he tied his horse and stood talking to the boys in the yard, Mary stole a glance from the window and then made good her retreat into the milkhouse. As George now came home for noon, he was invited in. "Hello, Mary!" exclaimed George, "any dinner for us?" No answer; the room was empty. Here Roland chirped in, "Oh, I know where she is. She went to the milkhouse. She's afraid Oscar here will see the big hole in her shoe."

George reprimanded the little tattler rather sharply

"Well, its true," he persisted, "I saw her tuck her stockin' in and run."

George was annoyed, while Oscar thought he could do nothing better than pass it off pleasantly. So grasping the situation boldly, as you would a nettle if you wish to escape the sting, he gallantly made for the milk house, saying he longed for a drink of milk. He came back with Mary. Around the dinner table all signs of diffidence passed, and Oscar actually persuaded her to take a holiday and go with him and Roland up the creek fishing. It was something quite strange for Mary to do, this going off pleasantly; but the boys insisted and Mr. Dolphs said, "Certainly, certainly." So she glanced across the table at Oscar and said yes. They went, and had a pleasant time too. Strange to say, Mary never once thought of her ragged hat, or even the hole in her shoe. Roland and Norah picked choke-cherries, for which they scrambled up the hillsides, and shouted to the fishers below. Oscar and Mary fished; but I have my doubts

whether their hooks were baited alone for the sleepy sucker and the speckled trout.

As Oscar rode back to town that evening, the course of his thoughts flowed something like this: "Well, sir, Mary's a fine girl! Beats any of your city girls. What would Mary, Florence or Tillie Featherlace say to the work *she* has to do? "Whew!" and he laughed—he remembered what a pout a certain girl had made over scrubbing the porch floor. "Mary had no porch to scrub. No doubt she would have considered it a pleasure to have a nice painted porch to keep clean. I'll bet that house on Sage-brush Bench never smelled paint; if it has it's been scrubbed off long ago. I wonder whether work will be brisk next week. Strange that a girl with so few advantages should be such a lady! She talked good sense too. None of your tiresome gossip and everlasting tales about Sarah Jane and Susan Ann Somebody. She's got ideas too. Pretty good fishing up there; guess I'll go again next week." And he hummed a tune, keeping time to the gallop of his horse, till his meditations must have become quite boisterous, for he finally fairly shouted, "By Jingo, she'll make a fine blacksmith's wife!"

Now, you'll agree with me that Oscar Wilson was a sensible fellow, especially as regards the farmer's daughter.

Oscar had received a fair education at the district school and his parents had always taught him correct principles. But he was a little stubborn; not that firmness is not a good trait when exercised with care and in the right direction; but Oscar lately carried it too far in rejecting some good counsel given him by his ward teachers. I mention this simply to show you his present disposition, and for the reason that it deals directly with my story.

So in a few weeks there was love-making at Sage-brush Bench. Love making in and around the log farm house on the edge of the hill. And the usual sagebrush plain lost its monotony; the bushy hill-side, helped no doubt by the autumn sun and frost, turned to gold

and red. The brook changed its ceaseless roar into a never ending song. There was music in the cattle's low and in the clang of their bells. To see nature at her best we must behold her through love's spectacles. There were more fishing trips, more berry pickings. There were more moon-light rides over the level bench-land to the village. There were twilight wanderings in the meadow where the grass was green and the willows bended over the babbling waters; and once in a while, lately, there were trips to town with its crowded streets and busy people, although Mary was loath to mix with the fashionable society of the place.

Mary's father was a practical man. As soon as he became aware of this condition of affairs, the first thing he did was to become acquainted more fully with the Wilson family, and especially with Oscar. Having satisfied himself on this point, of their respectability, he did not interfere, but let the young couple shape their own course, simply keeping a watch over them.

The autumn days passed rapidly, but ere they had all gone, Mary wore a shining band on her finger; and workmen were busy with building material on a vacant lot near by the blacksmith shop in town. Somewhere amid the solitude of Sage-brush Bench or perchance in some quiet nook in the meadow, the all-important question had been formally asked and answered. Not that Oscar had any doubts as to his chances. A thousand little incidents had assured him of success. Still it seems to be necessary to go through that fearfully pleasing bit of formality, to give freedom to plan for the future. While Oscar worked early and late in the city, Mary added one more duty to her busy hands. But for such a duty—the making of wedding garments—there is always time and material. Oscar, sensible fellow, understood Mary's position thoroughly, and had told her not to bother about anything but her own apparel, all else would be furnished. Be it said to his credit, he never once thought of her poverty as a bar to their union. A good virtuous wife was dowry

enough for him, as it is for any man—yes, too much for some. The twenty-fourth of December, the day before Christmas, was set as the all-important wedding day.

At the close of a warm day in early October, Oscar rode out to the farmhouse on the bench. Mary was waiting for him and together they strolled up the path to the newly-made canal. A rain the night before had laid the dust and cooled the air. Oscar said but little, but listened to Mary's light chatter.

"Mary," he said presently, "let's sit down on this bank. I have something to tell you."

Her pleasantry ceased instantly. They sat down on a projecting grass bank, and Oscar took the little hard-working hand in his own and pressed the yielding head against his broad shoulders. The sun had set, and the shadows grew longer and deeper. The evening hush pervaded all. Some faint sounds from distant farmyards with the shout of the herd boy alone echoed through the air.

Mary nestled closely to her companion. His silence was so strange; she did not understand it. "What is the matter, Oscar?" she whispered, and Oscar promptly answered: "The Bishop won't give me a recommend." Mary gave a start and sat upright. She looked at her lover in wonder. "What! Won't give you a recommend! Why—how's that?"

"Well, I'll tell you," and Oscar's tones did not lack emphasis, "I think it's spite and nothing else. Of course he gives as reasons that I have paid no tithing and that I have neglected my duties generally. He said if I would start now and perform the duties which would entitle me to a recommend, he would give me one in six months or so—but I'll fool' him!—Thank goodness there are more ways than one to get married."

Mary was more than surprised; she was shocked. "But, Oscar" she remonstrated, "You would not think of going to any other but the right place, surely?"

"The right place, Mary! As no one but the Bishop can give me a recommend we can get married without one, can't we?"

"I—I—don't know," Mary stammered.
 "Don't know! Well *I* do. We can be married by the judge or a justice if everything else fails."

Mary was silent. Her eyes filled and a tear glided rapidly down her cheek, but Oscar did not see it.

"Well, what do you say, Mary?"

Mary laid her hand on his arm: "Have you never paid any tithing?"

"No."

"Well, don't you believe it's right?"

"Yes, but then I've neglected it, and I don't think he should be so hard on a fellow."

"Is it true about the other duties?"

"I guess it is."

"Then Oscar"—and she brought her head to its former position—"don't you think we had better wait a while?"

"Just as you say," this coldly.

"Don't misunderstand me, Oscar. I think the Bishop's plan is the best for us both. We can wait that long. It's the only way, for we could not think of being married by the justice."

"Well, that's what I came to ask you about, Mary," and Oscar arose, "and I would like an answer soon."

Mary stood up, took his arm and they silently went back to the house, where he soon left her, without coming to any further conclusion. He was cross and angry.

Poor Mary! Was this then the end of a bright delusion, the rude awakening of a pleasant dream? In her chamber that night she thought so, and as the little clock on the mantel ticked the hours away, the bright pictures of the future went with them. One by one they went, some to return as if to tempt her. What should she do? Give up her love? What would life now be without it? And she had planned it all out so well. Her

father and the older boys would go off to work during the winter. Norah could live with her, and Roland should go to school. She would have ample accommodation with her three new rooms, all fitted up with new carpets and wall paper! But now it lay with her to choose. Would Oscar spurn her if she refused to yield to his request? Oh! it was hard; this battle between love and duty gone on within the breast of this simple minded girl, as she lay far into the night, trying to adopt some plan. She knew his duty in the matter; she knew her own, but still she wrestled on in this her hour of trial. The little clock struck twelve, and then ticked on again.

Mary became calm; then she quietly slipped down by her bedside and sent a petition of help to One, whom she had nearly forgotten in her time of trouble. It did not take long. With lighter heart and clearer brain she laid her tired head on her pillow and slept.

In a day or two, as Oscar, becoming restless, was about to call on Mary again, he received a letter from the postoffice. The address was written in a small cramped hand. The contents were as follows:

Bench District, October 11th, 18—

Mr. Oscar Wilson:

Dear Friend—You asked me to give you an answer soon, on the matter we talked about the other evening. Dear Oscar, forgive me if I disappoint you, but I think we should be married the proper way; begin that important step in life with the love of God and all good men. This is how I understand my duty. I cannot see that any other course would be right. This is my answer.

With love and best wishes, *Mary.*

(To be continued.)

A TRIP TO THE COTTONWOODS.

AT LAST we start on our long talked-of trip, ready for pleasure and happiness. We have all been up Parley's Cañon, but perhaps not on the railway. It is a pleasant ride winding and climbing among the

mountains in early morning. The day was perfect, not a cloud in the skies, and the breezes were so refreshing after the hot sun of the city. We reached Park City at about ten o'clock and at once

drove off for the Ontario. The road to the works is well built, smooth and hard. We first went to the mills and saw how the ore from its original condition, as it comes from the mine, is transformed into bullion. It was impossible to hear each other speak, the noise from the machinery was so great. Most of the din came from the scores of stamps that were pounding the ore into powder. It was a sight to see the huge furnaces and vats! The air was so filled with dust and fumes we could scarcely breathe and we were glad to get out into the clear atmosphere. If one intends going down the Ontario mine he should first examine the majestic machinery. See the stupendous wheel of the pumps, doing its work with scarcely a sound, but a great throb every few seconds, as it lifts its flood of waters; but even with all its power it could be seen to quiver slightly at every pull. I wonder how many trembling beings have undergone the grotesque preparation before going down the mine. All fear was gone from us; we had gained respect and admiration for the power we had just witnessed. We dropped a thousand feet into the depths of the earth. When we were down six hundred feet we heard the sound of rushing waters. This was the work of the immense wheel pumping the water from below to this height, which then runs off by means of a canal. Down we went to the end of the thousand feet. What a weird scene! Miles of intricate passages leading to numerous caverns where the miner is at work. The flickering light from candles, making the darkness beyond more dense; the dripping moisture on all sides; the thought of the rushing river above and the reality of the fifty feet of water below! And this is where the precious metals of the earth are found; the god that humanity is rushing and crushing through life to gain. We are ready to ascend to daylight; not loath to leave so dreary a place.

After dinner we drove down to the town, changed conveyances and started for Brighton's. The drive over the summit is picturesque and delightful. Too often we see an abandoned shaft in the side of a mountain, indicative of some

poor mortal who has tried his luck—perhaps put in his all—and failed. We had a perfect view of Thayne's Cañon, where the Crescent with its tramway is so beautifully embedded. We have reached the summit and catch the first glimpse of Big Cottonwood, the lovely country of pines and lakes. We felt as if we were again looking on an old friend and were eager to enjoy every beauty in which it so richly abounds. We reached Brighton's just before sunset. It was a glorious evening. After refreshing ourselves we strolled down to Silver Lake. A boat was lazily waiting for us. We soon put it in motion and had a sail on the clear waters. The air was so delicious it seemed impossible to breathe fast enough.

That night the campers gave a perfect bonfire party. We were invited, and of course, went. After such a day one would naturally suppose we would have been ready for rest and sleep. But H.—and E.—had hardly begun to enjoy themselves. I used to think I knew the meaning of the word vigor, but I was mistaken. I had no idea of it until then. Just to look at these *frail* creatures filled with the air of Cottonwood was vigor in the true sense. The next morning, bright and early, we mounted our horses—not very gracefully—and started to spend the day among the lakes. The beautiful lakes of Cottonwood in which Lake Mary stands out in superior loveliness, with its granite rocks that glisten and sparkle in the sun. The deep green pines that repeat themselves so perfectly in its clear waters! The only way to enjoy these lakes is to take time and not hurry. One must be able to see them from all points; hunt out pretty nooks, and leisurely enjoy them; thus you are able to look and think and dream. This is truly dreamland. The perfume from the pines, the cool refreshing breeze, the sacred stillness almost intoxicates you. Heaven is very near in such a place. Peace reigns, and nothing but love is in the heart. Everywhere from the clear blue skies and snowy mountains to the delicate white columbine at your feet is beauty. The

gaze feasts on harmony. Oh, what a day! We never forget such days. It was evening before we returned, full of life and happiness; not tired but ready for more, which we found in a stroll through the woods to the other side of Silver Lake and in performing the unromantic, but comfortable feat of sitting on the fence, watching the moon climbing above the tall pines and rippling the lake with her silver light. The Irrepressibles complemented this scene with vocal music, singing, "John Brown," "The Frog in the Pool," etc. How happy we were; it seemed as if laughing, joking and singing were the aim of our existence. We were nothing but children for the time being.

We planned for the next day a walk to the Twin Lakes. Before starting, our landlady urged us to be home for dinner. The girls had gone to Park City, she said, and she herself was going to prepare it and she promised us a Yorkshire pudding. Twin Lakes are not very far away; but it is quite a climb to them. We took it leisurely and encouraged by the thought of the promised Yorkshire, we got along famously. H.— would say, "Tired, girls? Never mind; just think of the Yorkshire pudding." We were correspondingly refreshed and started again with renewed vigor. So many of the trees having been cut down has marred the beauty of the lakes. They are not what they used to be, but we found enough to compensate us for our walk. Along our pathway was a clear trickling stream that abounded in mossy nooks. We found beautiful flowers, among which was the fragrant musk. It was here that we agreed to see who could find the most perfect columbine. I make my bow. We got home in a fit condition to enjoy the Yorkshire pudding. Oh, ye gods! Its like was never known before. And may heaven protect us from its like again. The face of the hostess was rich, but not as rich as her pudding. We turned pale. "I had forgotten how it was made, and it hasn't come out right at all" were her words. We will not speak further of it but endeavor to bury it deep from our thoughts. We were all quietly disposed

that afternoon; we had received a blow that was hard to surmount.

The next day was our return home. It was to be by way of Lake Catherine and was a day that was made for a ride among the mountains. The sky was filled with broken clouds, forming such studies in light and shade as filled the soul with delight. It was an artist's day. The air was fragrant and full of life. Our horses courageously bore us up the steep rough mountain side. All we had seen and enjoyed the previous days now passed before us as in a panorama. We looked down upon the beauties that had given us so much joy. This was our last glimpse of the beautiful sister lakes with their picturesque surroundings. We were loath to leave this land of peace and love. All unexpected we came upon Lake Catherine, nestled at the foot of a mother mountain that seemed to protect her from all the world and feed her from the perpetual snows. Perhaps nature has not favored this lake with as many graces as some of the others. But she holds her own in her calm placid waters that mirror the variety of shadows from the ever changing heavens. We were near the summit. At last we stood on a point that gave us one of the grandest sights that could be thought of. The scene reminded us of Dore's drawings. We could almost feel the presence of majestic Satan, standing among and claiming the ruggedness and grandeur of the earth. It was only the gigantic wildness that reminded us of him. The sublime quiet—the divine peace filled us with the Supreme. From the height where we stood we could see in the far distance, from one side the Uintah range, from the other the Oquirrh—with intermediate ranges. We could look away down into the lovely depths of Big Cottonwood, and the broader and more civilized valleys of Little Cottonwood. Nothing could surpass in beauty the far distant Oquirrh with its artistic tints and the rugged peaks that loomed up in such audacious splendor, enveloped in light and shadow that was rapturous. Our artist could not resist; he was compelled to make a sketch. In the meantime we

threw ourselves upon a bed of pine branches and made suggestions for his drawing. All things must come to an end. We were obliged to tear ourselves away and to descend to earth. Nature was kind and let us down gently. The beds of flowers, the groups of granite rocks, the far distant scenery soothing us. But the human was working within us and our thoughts turned towards the immense sandwiches that had been prepared. We found the typical place for luncheon, with its welcome shade above, and cool trickling water at our feet. Our time had come; we proceeded to desolate Alta and the tramway soon whirled all romance

into the past and dashed us down to the realization of prosy life with all its cares and duties.
May Wells.

Conscience is like a sun dial. If you let truth shine upon it, it will point you right, but you may cover it over so that no truth can fall upon it, and then it will lead you astray if you follow its guidance.

Keep up hope in bad times. We have the same sun and sky and stars, the same God and heaven and truth; the same duties and the same helpers. Hope thou in God.—*Dr. Goodell.*

Any fool may meet with good fortune, but the wise man only will profit by it.

THE SIN OF SUCCESS.

'Tis a sin to succeed sometimes. The eyes,
The emerald eyes of envy, how they glow!
Green with a hatred guile can ne'er conceal,
Tho' lip and hand seem friendly, when Success,
Fair goddess of good deeds and noble words,
Sits smiling at the fount of destiny
That feeds the river of a rival's fame.
Tho' lip, tho' hand may flatter, looks ne'er lie.
Attempt how vain! Transparent as the veil
O'er autumn's face, by Indian summer flung,
The falsehood still appears. A grievous sin
To jealous eyes—a sin scarce e'er forgiven—
Each good, each grand success that merit wins.

To jealous spleen add power, and who shall tell,
While cunning craft his wily hand doth hide,
What pits, what snares await the hapless wight,
Child of success and favorite of fame,
Who dares the mount of glorious deeds ascend!
If rightful cause, real reason, none appear,
And panoplied in purity he stands,
Still cause is quickly found—for pretext springs
As sage from barren soil; hate's quiver pours
Its arguments like arrows at the feet
Of power that speeds the shaft; and like a bird
The soaring soul, pierced midway in its flight,
Drops dead or wounded to the lowly plain.

Shot from an ambush! Knows he aught beside,
Save that base treachery lies lurking there?
What else for him, hate's victim, then remains,
Save patient grief and pardon of the wrong?

What cause had kingly Saul the shepherd lad—
Goliath's conqueror—to hate and spurn?
Stood not his throne, his royal line, secure,
Tho' David lived and breathed and battled on,
Still winning fair the laurel wreaths he wore?

Or dared he curse whom erst Jehovah blessed?
To hunt, as hound the flying hare, the soul—
The sacred soul of Israel's future king?
Sinned he not more, so doing, severing there
More surely and more swift the fateful chain
That bound him to the favor of the stars
And states that them inhabit, than when ire
Of Samuel roused in Agag's guilty cause?
Thy sin, O son of Jesse! was success.
Thy cause, O jealous king! the cause of Cain,
Of Cain 'gainst Abel, Lucifer 'gainst Christ,
Of Herod 'gainst the babe of Bethlehem.
The cause of envious wrath 'gainst righteous
worth,
In every act and scene of Time the same.

Yet some there be—such souls as diamonds rare,
In these earth's dying days—who are not pained
If fair success upon their fellows smile,
E'en through adversity doth coldly frown
And freeze the current of their own souls' weal.
And some there be—such gems still rarer shine—
Who, e'en as rivals of a rising star,
Still glory in its radiance, flung afar
For earth's illumining. God's noble ones
Are these, in either world; souls all select,
That live and labor, not for self, but seek,
O'er all, man's good, their Maker's glory; live,
Strive, not alone for kin, but for their kind,
And hold all men their brethren. Blazing suns
'Mid lesser lights, 'mid circling stars, are they;
The planets of a primal magnitude,
That shed their light upon the lessers' path,
Nor seek a dawning splendor to eclipse,
Nor joy to see a glorious star grow dim.
But weep, as wept the heavens o'er Lucifer,
When fainting falls and flickering expires

The lowliest of all the sons of Light,
Self-slain by pride, or pierced by envious power.

As water-drops, all lives their level find,
The meanest and the mightiest. Ne'er mix
The dross of earth and gold of heaven, save here
In God's great furnace fire. There, Justice still
Will claim her own, and like with like will blend.
Haply till then 'twill ne'er be fully known
Who here succeed, who fail; for oft success
Doth failure seem, while sheer and rank defeat
May mask as victory. Success is sin
And failure, when unfairly we succeed;
And earth with all her blazing battle-fields,
And pride and pomp and tyranny of power,
Hath no such victories as soul may win
O'er self by sacrifice.

Such high success

No sin is; no, not e'en to jealous eyes,
That scaled in earthliness scarce see aright
Time's vantages—how then Eternity's?
That see not how supremely eminent,
In God's clear gaze, doth loom the mighty soul

That masters self, self's deepest wrongs condone,
And patient plods in pain and poverty—
If so the Master will—while lesser chiefs,
And lower lords, and serfs and paupers e'en,
In golden chariots ride; climbing with Christ
The steep and prickly path of principle,
To where, with smiling face and outreached
arms,
Wooing the martyr to her soft embrace,
To stanch his tears, and on his bleeding brow
Write the word "conqueror," awaits Success.

Go on, great work of God! The David thou
Of dispensations; hated, hunted, spurned
Throughout the ages. Vainly still shall speed
The javelins of spiteful jealousy.
Crushed thou may'st oftentimes be, but conquered
ne'er.

Still whirls the mystic wheel of destiny.
Gilboa waits the tyrant; and thy hand,
Thy potent hand, uplifted but in prayer,
And not to pierce, shall lay all giants low.

O. F. Whitney.

THE COVENANT OF PEACE.

"My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you?" *John xiv, 24.*

Wouldst come to my soul, oh beneficent peace?
Come and dwell in that fortress, a thrice wel-
come guest;

Thy presence so royal need ask no release,
My homage is worship, I love thee the best.

Thy sway absolute as a tyrant could ask,
My home as a palace of duty should shine;
Who would not thee cherish?—a lovable task—
Come dwell with me peace, I will ever be
thine.

I have felt the cold chill of unrest in the past;
I have dwelt in the darkness, oppressed by its
gloom;

I have tasted that cup which was bitter at last,
And my soul, has felt empty, an unfurnished
room.

I have met with the friendless, been friendless
myself,

I have stared at the blank wall of silence and
hate,
There are blessings unpurchased by jingle of
pelf,

There are curses which seem as the dicta of
fate.

Peace flies from the demons of sinning and
wrong,

She furls her bright banner when these carry
sway;

Can we exorcise them by the siren of song,
Or in the dark midnight give sunshine of day?

Oh Peace! thou immaculate, sinless, divine,
Wilt dwell with the weakest of earth's erring
sons?

Wilt barter thy house where the cherubims shine,
For the tenement owned of earth's desolate
ones?

Oh, I hear thy glad voice, it is music most sweet,
Thou art nigh, o'er my soul steals thy dear
witching spell,

I open the door of my heart to thy feet,
With a prayer to the skies, that my welcome
shall tell.

'Tis a God-given promise, thy presence should be,
With the few, who would seek in acceptable
way,

And the Gospel will make thee the guest of the
free,
Who obedience learnt in un sanctified day.

Come in, and abide then, beneficent peace.

Thy chamber prepared is a soul purified;
Be my guest, and my friend until this life shall
cease,

Then give me thy welcome, at home, with the
tried

H. W. Naisbitt.

Utah Penitentiary, September, 1890.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER, 1890.

THE MANIFESTO.

To whom it may concern:

PRESS dispatches having been sent for political purposes, from Salt Lake City, which have been widely published, to the effect that the Utah Commission, in their recent report to the Secretary of the Interior, allege that plural marriages are still being solemnized and that forty or more such marriages have been contracted since last June or during the past year; also that in public discourses the leaders of the Church have taught and encouraged and urged the continuance of the practice of polygamy;

I, therefore, as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, do hereby, in the most solemn manner, declare that these charges are false. We are not teaching polygamy or plural marriage, nor permitting any person to enter into its practice, and I deny that either forty or any other number of plural marriages have, during that period, been solemnized in our temples or in any other place in the Territory.

One case has been reported, in which the parties alleged that the marriage was performed in the Endowment House, in Salt Lake City, in the spring of 1889, but I have not been able to learn who performed the ceremony; whatever was done in this matter was without my knowledge. In consequence of this alleged occurrence the Endowment House was, by my instructions, taken down without delay.

Inasmuch as laws have been enacted by Congress forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the court of last resort, I hereby declare my intention to submit to those laws, and to use my influence with the members of the Church over which I preside to have them do likewise.

There is nothing in my teachings to the Church or in those of my associates, during the time specified, which can reasonably be construed to inculcate or encourage polygamy, and when any Elder of the Church has used language which appeared to convey such teaching, he has been promptly reproved. And I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land.

Wilford Woodruff.

President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

At the General Conference, Monday, October 7th, the above was read and Apostle Lorenzo Snow offered the following motion:

"I move that, recognizing Wilford Woodruff as the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the only man on the earth at the present time who holds the keys of the sealing ordinances, we consider him fully authorized by virtue of his position to issue the manifesto, which has been read in our hearing, and which is dated September 24th, 1890, and that as a Church in General Conference assembled, we accept his declaration concerning plural marriage as authoritative and binding."

The resolution was unanimously adopted by the vast assembly present.

It has been, ever since, an absorbing theme of conversation, and has led the people to reflect upon the relations with the General Government in a manner to confirm them more than ever in their conviction that God inspired the Constitution and will preserve it and a people to maintain it.

When the Edmunds bill passed Congress and became a law, disfranchising thousands of Latter-day Saints, and jeopardizing their liberties, it was believed to be unconstitutional and the counsel of the President of the Church and his associates was to test the validity of the law in the courts; but at the same time to assume a willingness to conform in practice to its requirements. He arranged his own family matters accordingly, and advised others to do likewise.

This indeed has been the attitude of the Latter-day Saints with respect to the laws of the land ever since the Church was organized. They have always yielded obedience to the law and have claimed the right to protection from the law. It has been *mob* violence and the persecutions of the lawless that our people have ever resisted. There is no more calumnious and false charge than that Latter-day Saints are or ever have been defiant breakers of the law.

In regard to the laws against plural marriage, it has been difficult for men, who had contracted such marriages before any law existed against them, or the validity of such laws was decided, to at once conform to the arbitrary rulings o

the courts, and while preserving the natural instincts of humanity, arrange their family affairs so as to exempt them from prosecutions under the law. They ought never to have been required to make the exertion and suffer the enormous hardships which an endeavor to comply with the laws of the land entailed; the laws should not have been made retro-active; but conscious of its injustice, often at the expense of everything they owned on earth, and in the full realization of the vindictiveness of the officers in its enforcement, they have sought to conform to its requirements. Even while doing so, in numerous instances, they have been hustled off to prison, more to gratify the hatred of the minions of the law than to vindicate its supremacy.

The Lord has witnessed the efforts of His people to practice the principles of their religion and to live under the laws of the land. Throughout the whole history of the Latter-day Saints His providence has been such as to preserve them in serving Him, within the beneficent provisions of the Constitution. They have never asked of the country or their countrymen any indulgence beyond Constitutional guarantees. God has said there is no need to violate the law of the land to keep His commandments, and through the manifesto of His servant He now repeats it.

He will preserve the Constitution and He will preserve His people.

The cable brings the news that Captain Sir Richard Francis Burton died in London October 20, 1890. The announcement reawakens the interest, which the people of Utah justly feel in this world-wide traveller and honest writer. Captain Burton gave to the reading world the most fair, truthful, unimpassioned and elaborate story of the lives and struggles of the early settlers of Utah that has ever been written by an outsider.

His "City of the Saints" found a permanent place in the libraries of the wealthier and more learned classes of America and Great Britain. It removed much prejudice from the minds of such respecting our people and religion, and

has been an influential agent among the rulers of the nations, from which our people have come, to secure them fair treatment in their native lands and unobstructed means of emigration therefrom. We owe a tribute of gratitude to the memory of Captain Burton.

The premiums given to the Associations of the twenty wards having the largest paid up subscription lists for Volume Eleven, amounting to one thousand dollars, were duly distributed and books purchased for each successful association as follows:

	Subs.	Prem.	Vols.
No. 1. Sixteenth Ward, . . .	113	\$200	261
No. 2. Fourth Ward, Ogden	83	100	132
No. 3. Payson, Utah County	77	100	148
No. 4. West Jordan,	76	50	63
No. 5. Mill Creek,	64	50	62
No. 6. Ephraim, Sanpete Co.,	63	50	64
No. 7. Hyrum, Cache County	61	50	
No. 8. Fairview, Sanpete Co.,	56	50	61
No. 9. South Cottonwood,	53	50	63
No. 10. Fifth Ward, Ogden .	45	50	65
No. 11. Second Ward, Ogden,	43	25	30
No. 12. East Bountiful, . . .	43	25	30
No. 13. Willard, Box Elder Co.,	42	25	
No. 14. Richmond, Cache Co.,	41	25	33
No. 15. South Jordan,	40	25	30
No. 16. Fourth Ward, Logan,	38	25	30
No. 17. Pocatello, Idaho, . .	37	25	30
No. 18. Big Cottonwood, . .	37	25	30
No. 19. Millville, Cache County	34	25	30
No. 20. Lewiston, Idaho . . .	32	25	30

Making a total of 1192 volumes, besides those for Hyrum and Willard not reported. At the same average as the others, these two additions would make the number added to the association libraries, by THE CONTRIBUTOR premiums for 1890, about 1285 volumes.

The books purchased were standard histories, The Story of the Nations series forming the basis of each library, biographies, encyclopedias, and the complete works of Scott, Irving, Cooper, Dickens, etc. No finer collection of library books has been made for association purposes, and no greater permanent benefit has been contributed to them from any source.

The premiums offered for Volume Twelve exceed in number and value those for last year, and if the money they

represent shall be as judiciously expended the thirty-five associations getting premiums will be well endowed with the foundation, at least, of splendid libraries.

An interesting centennial will be celebrated next December at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where Samuel Slater, on December 21st, 1790, virtually began cotton manufacture in this country, although previous efforts had been made. Slater was a pupil of Arkwright, and as the English law forbade the communication of models of the cotton spinning machinery to other countries, Slater, trusting to his memory, reconstructed it under a contract with William Almy and Smith Brown. But for some time he could not recall a small but essential part of the process, and the tradition is that in a dream he returned to England, examined the machinery, found what he wanted and upon awaking completed his work successfully.

A recent article in *Harper's Weekly* alludes to this story and says that many years ago, Mr. Slater, himself, related the circumstance to a gentleman, who often repeated it in his family, from whom the *Weekly* got it. After long labor, working secretly with the aid of one man only, Slater thought that he had put the machinery in running order, and invited a few gentlemen interested in the enterprise to see the happy result of his toil. Proud and excited he essayed to start the machine, but it did not move. In vain, he tried, and, grieved and mortified, he dismissed his friends, assuring them, however, that he should certainly discover the difficulty.

But he was deeply discouraged. All the day and night he pondered and examined and tested and tried to move the machinery, but still it remained motionless. At length, heartsick and weary, he leaned his head against the machine and fell asleep. As he slept, he heard distinctly, a cheerful, friendly voice, saying: "Why don't you chalk the bands, Sam?" He started up, broad awake, and knew at once that a slight friction in the working of the machine was what was

wanting, and again summoning his friends, he saw in the smooth action of the jenny the triumphant result of his work. It is a pleasant story, and the Slater legend is not an invention, unless Mr. Slater deceived himself.

That it was a happy thought to introduce a page of appropriate music in *THE CONTRIBUTOR* and take steps to organize glee clubs and lesser combinations of singers in the associations is already manifest.

The announcement that a grand competition for prizes will be held in connection with the Annual Conference of the Y. M. M. I. A., next June, when Five Hundred Dollars will be distributed to the winning clubs, has had the effect of awakening a lively interest already.

There are several wards in Salt Lake City, and some outside, which have signified their intention of competing for the leading premium, and preliminary meetings of their male singers have already been held.

Quartettes and double quartettes will be practicing all winter in many wards, and we are assured by the approval that the project has at once secured, of a very large and wonderful gathering next June of the male voices of Zion, trained to render some soul-stirring selections, which we propose to issue with each number of the magazine.

It is sincerely hoped that the associations will appreciate this effort to introduce singing in their regular meetings and to make a specialty of that exercise. The assistance of Prof. Evan Stephens, which he generously tenders, so far as his time will permit, will be of great benefit to all who correspond with him.

The music type designed for our especial use had to be made to order and has not yet been received. It has delayed the issue and compelled us to use a larger fount for the present number, but will probably be here for the December number.

In reference to the steel plate of Apostle Orson Pratt, which appears as the frontispiece to this number, it will be

interesting to our subscribers to read the following communication from his son, Milando, who is engaged to supply for each number of the new volume the most choice selections from the sermons, lectures and writings of his distinguished father:

Editor Contributor:—The steel plate engraving you have had executed of my father, Orson Pratt, for the next volume of THE CONTRIBUTOR, I beg leave to say is, in my opinion, almost perfection. And I feel safe in saying that those who were acquainted with him and his appearance in life, will, when they see this beautiful steel engraving, agree with members of his family and some of his most intimate friends to whom I have shown the likeness, that it is the best picture of him in existence, and bears a more "striking resemblance" than any portrait they have yet seen of the late Apostle Orson Pratt.

The engravers—H. B. Hall's Sons, New York, are certainly entitled to great credit, and, on behalf of the family and friends, I herewith take the liberty of extending these worthy engravers congratulations.

As, also, with much gratitude to yourself, I remain,

Your brother in the Gospel,

Milando Pratt.

It is one of the easiest things in the world to get into 'debt, but debt is one of the hardest masters to serve, and one of the most difficult to escape.

How can we ask others to think as we do when to-morrow we probably shall think differently ourselves.

Some people sponge on their friends so much that they absorb all their profits.

MUSIC IN THE ASSOCIATIONS.

To Y. M. M. I. A. Choir Leaders:

BRETHREN,—It is with pleasure that I offer these few hints to such as may feel that they would be useful in organizing male singing clubs for our associations:

First: Think over carefully and write down the names of all the male singers—good and moderate—that will occur to your mind at the time, who are members of the ward in which you live. At first you may not be able to think of but few, but soon others will suggest themselves to you as possible members, add them to your list, if their voices are fairly good; never mind if they do not read music, they can be taught the pieces with little trouble.

See them all and appoint a meeting, asking each to try and bring a copy of THE CONTRIBUTOR containing the music. Of course, they will all be either basses or tenors. Let those who can produce the high tones easiest sing the upper tenor, reserving those who can sing the medium nicely, but cannot reach, say high G, or A, for the second tenor. Select the lowest and most powerful

voices for the lowest or second bass, taking the higher and less powerful basses for the first or upper bass.

If possible let one who can read music or has had considerable experience in part singing be selected for the middle parts, *i.e.*, Second tenor and first bass, to lead the others well, for while a poorer voice or at least one of less height or depth of compass will answer, it requires more musical ability and experience to sing these parts well than the upper and lower parts. If an organist can meet with you, the parts played will greatly aid all in learning the piece. But remember, to get the proper effect the tenor (right hand part) must be played an octave lower than if intended for treble and alto.

To get the best results from your rehearsals, divide the piece up into as many short complete sections as possible and learn well one section at a time, trying one part at a time, taking the lower first. In this way the effect will soon be so interesting (as they become able to sing a section altogether) that you need not

fear for the next meeting; it will be looked forward to with pleasure. Boys between thirteen and fifteen years of age (and some times older until the voice has changed) who have good voices and musical taste can often sing the first tenor with the men—or even one man—to lead, with good effect: as they do not have to strain for the higher tones. Care must be taken at first, however, that they do not attempt to sing an octave higher; correct them by starting them an octave lower. This device may aid you in getting plenty of first tenors for a large club.

As the matter of getting started and organizing successfully is the present work to attend to, I will leave the details relative to the competition for

another article. The prizes are well worth working for. But the fruits this work will bear in pure pleasure, and satisfaction to you and all concerned will be of a thousand times more value, whether you win a prize or not. Think of five hundred male glee clubs in the community working harmoniously together! How soul-stirring and sublime the effect should they ever meet altogether—and why not—but greater still the little benefit derived by each and all separately. Wake up to it! Let not your ward be behind the times in this new but glorious work. Correspondence will be gladly received by me, and any assistance I can give cheerfully rendered.

Address: Evan Stephens, 831 E. First South Street, Salt Lake City.

INVOCATION TO HARMONY.

MALE CHORUS BY EVAN STEPHENS.

Moderato maestoso.

1st Tenor
2nd Tenor
1st Bass
2nd Bass

Awake, awake, O voice of harmony, and let thy
O harmony,
charms each heart in - spire, Till no - ble
thoughts each mind shall fire, And rouse to rapture, and rouse to

rapture, and rouse to rap - ture my long slumbering

⊕ CODA. (After D. S. only.) FINE. *mf*

lyre. A - wake, O voice of har - mo - ny. As

Dolce. sunbeams in the morning, *pp* *mf* So

sunbeams in the morning light Refresh the flow'rs bedeck'd with dew, So

(Sing the parts accompanying the melody very soft and staccato.)

let thy pow'r a - wak - en

let thy pow'r a - wak - en now my soul to life a - new; O

let me in thee blend my voice, And let my longing heart rejoice, While

Rit. D. S.

stirring concords of my choice Fall sweetly on the ear. . . . A

(Do not repeat the first part after D. S.)

ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

OUR readers will gladly observe that with this, the first number of the Twelfth Volume and the beginning of the new year, our sectional and subdivisional work is briefly outlined. A reference to page 262 No. 7, volume IX CONTRIBUTOR, will remind officers and old members that certain well defined facts are now pretty well established.

It has become more generally understood that the Associations, are truly educational in character, in the sense in which we as a people view education, and not merely entertainments or pastimes. And again on pages 351 and 352 No. 9, volume XI., is a reminder of what True Education consists. Now the Young men's Mutual Improvement Associations should be the exponents and culmination in their department of universal education.

The work being educational in character, it is evident it must be conducted as far and as fast as preparation can be made on educational principles.

To illustrate: Each Association may be regarded as a polysophical society in embryo, with this distinction or difference, that the Association proper is organized and a working general programme, which may be considered the written part of the constitution, adopted. and then the distinctive features mentioned in the beginning of this article as reference constantly kept in view; after which sections are organized with a chairman and secretary to each as additions to the Association proper.

These sections represent the four basic studies, sub-divisions of which supply in detail the essential or visible analysis of the work. That is to say, there are four basic studies, namely; theology, history, science and literature.

Now it must be remembered that the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations are or should be composed of young men, not boys or children. The Primary Associations are organized for the children.

These young men then take upon themselves the character of students. To be a student in the sense here employed,

one must study; and the facilities for this advanced study, and research are supplied in the sections and sub-divisions just alluded to.

Some desire to make "preaching the Gospel" a special study; some general or branchial history; while others desire music, or civil government for instance; and finally others language, journalism, poetry, the drama.

On the principle of selective study, young men may choose the particular sections to what they desire to identify themselves. These sections report to the society proper through their section secretaries, thus being properly credited in the roll of attendance and exercises. While at first glance it might seem that the plan may present difficulties in the way of obtaining suitable persons to conduct the sections and sub-divisions, it is perhaps only necessary to explain that the same relationship exists between a president of the entire Association and a chairman of a section, that obtains between a school teacher and a class teacher.

It will of course be understood that all these sections are additions or parts of the Association proper, and all under the general management of the president of the Association; in the same manner as the principal of a University or Academy may conduct classes in a lower department. It will, we presume, thus be seen that the president of an association (after the first week) may expect and require from each section organized, a suitable exercise by a member of that section for every general weekly programme of the association. Thus the work is simplified in its dove-tailing and intensified in its diversity and harmony.

Milton H. Hardy.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; it will generally be found that such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

Venture not to the utmost bounds of even lawful pleasure: the limits of good and evil join.

The Contributor.



ESTABLISHED 1879.



VOLUME TWELVE.



THE Twelfth Volume of THE CONTRIBUTOR begins with the November, 1890, number. The following will constitute its leading features:

Illustration: Twelve full page engravings of the finest execution—a frontispiece to each number—besides numerous outline drawings illustrative of the scientific papers.

Life and Labors of Orson Pratt: The first number will contain an elegant Steel Engraving of the late Apostle Orson Pratt and a carefully prepared biographical sketch. In the succeeding numbers choice extracts from his writings and sermons will be presented.

The Church Emigration: Early in 1891 will be commenced a serial detailing a history of the Church Emigration, from the first company to the present time. With the opening chapter will be a fine Steel Engraving of ELDER WILLIAM C. STAINES, from whose journal some extremely interesting incidents will be culled.

Descriptive Series: Several papers describing Scandinavian Countries and People will be written by Edward H. Anderson, President of the Scandinavian Mission. Pioneer Sketches by *Santiago*, describe local scenes and incidents of interest.

Scientific: Dr. James E. Talmage will continue his delightful illustrated studies of microscopic and other animal life.

Short Stories: We have arranged for a short story in each number and serials running through the volume.

Studies from Froissart, by *De Vallibus*, will acquaint our readers with many surprising adventures of Knights and Squires in the heroic days of Chivalry.

Short Talks to Young Men: These will be brief, pointed addresses on timely topics by some of the best known and most capable men in the community. Among the writers and subjects may be named: Moses Thatcher on "Courage," Heber J. Grant on "Riches," Samuel W. Richards on "The Bible," B. H. Roberts on "Public Speaking," Evan Stephens on "Music," C. W. Penrose on "Language," &c.

Musical: There will be a page of music in each number, to accompany a series of songs and choruses specially composed and selected for male voices, and designed for use in the Y. M. M. I. A.

\$500.00. PREMIUMS. \$500.00.

For the purpose of stimulating interest in the Musical Exercises of the Y. M. M. I. A. and of creating a friendly rivalry among them, we, in connection with the General Superintendency, shall give the following premiums, to be awarded at the Annual Conference of the Associations in June, 1891:

I. To the Y. M. M. I. A. of the ward having the largest and best Glee Club, of not less than twenty-five male voices, \$200.00.

II. To the Y. M. M. I. A. of the ward having the best Glee Club, of not less than fifteen male voices, \$100.00.

III. To the Y. M. M. I. A. of the ward having the best Double Quartette of male voices, \$75.00.

IV. To the Y. M. M. I. A. of the ward having the best Quartette of male voices, \$50.00.

V. To the Y. M. M. I. A. of the ward rendering the best Duet for Bass and Tenor voices, \$25.00.

VI. To the Y. M. M. I. A. of the ward rendering the best Bass Solo, \$15.00. Second Prize, \$10.00.

VII. To the Y. M. M. I. A. of the ward rendering the best Tenor Solo, \$15.00. Second Prize, \$10.00.

→ **CONDITIONS.** ←

1. The competition will be under the direction of Evan Stephens, Musical Director of the Associations, who will prescribe the tests and manage all the details of the exercises and preliminary work. All communications in relation to it must be addressed to him.

2. The premiums will be paid to the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A., to be disposed of by them for the benefit of the singers, as the respective winning Associations may direct.

3. But one premium will be given to the Association of any one ward, except the premiums for duet and solos.

4. The competing organizations will supply such part of the musical exercises of the Y. M. M. I. A. Annual Conference and Concert as may be assigned them.

5. In consideration of the liberality of these premiums we think there should be not less than from twenty-five to one hundred subscribers to THE CONTRIBUTOR in the winning wards. But we do not impose it as a condition that there *shall be*, only requesting the officers and members of the Associations to assist our local and traveling agents in their efforts to procure them.

Subscription: The subscription is Two DOLLARS a year. Binding FIFTY CENTS a volume. For Two DOLLARS AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, *in advance*, we will send the magazine, bind it at the end of the year and return it post free. We recommend every subscriber to order it this way. The magazine is thus doubled in value, being read as it comes out, and still preserved, a record of the best thought of the times, which may be referred to in years to come with untold interest. We are assured by subscribers, who have all the back volumes, that they would not part with them for any price.

Binding: Volumes bound in cloth at 50 cents each. Missing numbers supplied to subscribers at 20 cents each. Binding Cases for any volume, 25 cents each. FINE BINDINGS, Half Morocco, gilt, \$1 00 each: Full Morocco, gilt, \$2.00 each.

Bound Volumes: Complete sets, Eleven Volumes, cloth, \$24.75 per set; Half Morocco, gilt, \$30.00. We will exchange any other Bound Volume for volumes 1 and 4, unbound, if in good condition.

Special: We have a limited number of large engravings of Lieutenant-General Joseph Smith and of President Brigham Young. Until our supply is exhausted, we will send a copy of either to subscribers for Volume XII. who pay \$2.50 in advance (which also includes binding). These engravings sell at \$1.00 each.

Remit money by P. O. note, registered letter, or draft. Stamps taken for amounts less than one dollar.

Address,

THE CONTRIBUTOR CO.,

HERALD BUILDING,

P. O. Box 305.

Salt Lake City, Utah.



❖ PIONEER DRUG STORE, ❖

LOGAN, UTAH.

The Oldest Drug House in Northern Utah. Can supply the Public and Trade with anything in the Drug, Patent Medicine, and Oil line.

Orders given prompt attention and careful pricing.

RITER BROS., PROPRIETORS.

❖ Z. ❖ C. ❖ M. ❖ I. ❖

LOGAN BRANCH

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

General Merchandise.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

BOOTS AND SHOES, CLOTHING,

STOVES, TIN AND HARDWARE,

NOVELTIES AND NOTIONS.

Our Goods are always the Best. Our Prices are always the lowest.

R. S. WATSON, MANAGER,

LOGAN, UTAH

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, ❖

Jewelry, Silverware,

Spectacles, Etc. ❖

❖ **T. B. CARDON,** ❖
LOGAN CITY, UTAH.

❖ CARPETS,

Furniture, Wall Paper,

lace Curtains, Window Shades, Etc.

THE DESERET SAVINGS BANK.

THE attention of those desiring to open savings accounts is called to the DESERET SAVINGS BANK, which allows interest on deposits at the rate of Five per cent. per annum, *compounded quarterly*. Money to loan on approved real estate security. Its officers are as follows:

JOHN SHARP,
President.

MOSES THATCHER,
Vice-President.

E. A. SMITH,
Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

JOHN SHARP,
JAMES SHARP,

H. DINWOODEY, J. R. BARNES, ELIAS A. SMITH, F. W. JENNINGS,
L. S. HILLS, D. H. PEERY, W. W. RITER, GEORGE ROMNEY.
MOSES THATCHER, J. C. CUTLER, J. T. LITTLE.

J & P GOATS
BEST - SIX - CORD
SPOOL COTTON
IN WHITE - BLACK & COLORS FOR HAND & MACHINE



26 R.K. Thomas, 28 R.K. Thomas, 30 R.K. Thomas, 32

EAST FIRST SOUTH STREET,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

HENRY WALLACE, Manager.

UTAH CRACKER FACTORY,

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

Silver Brand of Fine Crackers.

SALT LAKE CITY.

Sold by All Wholesale and Retail Dealers in the Territory.

—A—PIONEER—A—

PATENT ROLLER MILL CO.

MANUFACTURES FINEST BRANDS OF



High Patent, Bakers No. 1, Whole Wheat.

Office, 21 W. South Temple St.

SALT LAKE CITY,

UTAH



PAID UP CAPITAL, - \$200,000.00
CASH ASSETS, - - \$272,865.58

—o—
OFFICERS.

HEBER J. GRANT, President,
JAMES SHARP, Vice-President,
LEWIS S. HILLS, Treasurer,
ELIAS A. SMITH, Secretary,
W. J. BATEMAN, Ass't Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

Henry Dinwoody, John Henry Smith,
George Romney, John C. Cutler,
Thos. G. Webber, David Eccles,
P. T. Farnsworth, Geo. W. Thatcher,
William H. Rowe, Frank W. Jennings,
Charles S. Burton.

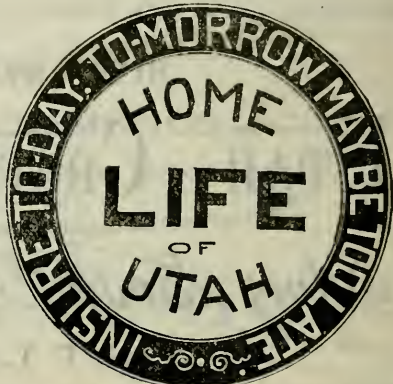
CASH CAPITAL, - - \$100,000

—o—
OFFICERS.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, President,
HEBER J. GRANT, Vice-President,
LEWIS S. HILLS, Treasurer,
HEBER M. WELLS, Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

Henry Dinwoody, George Romney,
Wm. W. Riter, James Sharp,
Moses Thatcher, John Henry Smith,
Wm. H. Rowe, Chas. S. Burton,
John C. Cutler, Elias A. Smith,
Richard W. Young.



Heber J. Grant & Co., Genl. Agts., Herald Building, Salt Lake City..


BROWNING BROS.

OGDEN and SALT LAKE CITY.



MANUFACTURERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Guns, Rifles,
Pistols and
Ammunition
of All Kinds.
Fishing Tackle,
Base Ball, Lawn-
Tennis, and
Gymnasium
Supplies.
Opera and Field
Glasses, Police
Equipments,
Pocket Cutlery,
Razors, Scissors,
Walking Sticks;
Waterproof
Boots and Shoes
Tents and
Hammocks.
Skates, Bicycles,
And a thousand
And one Other
Things too
Numerous to
Mention.

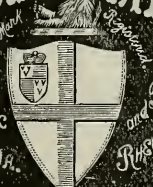
We can furnish anything in our line, and our Prices are LOWER than the lowest. We have the largest and best equipped repair shop in the United States, and are prepared to do all kinds of repairing.  Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

2461 Washington Ave.,
Ogden.

UTAH.

165 S. Main Street.
Salt Lake City.

KENNEDY'S
EAST INDIA
Bitters
A Family Tonic
for Dyspepsia.
and Beverage,
RHEUMATISM, &c.



BITTERS
COMPOUNDED
WITH MINERAL WATER.
BEST REMEDY

WORLDWIDE

For sale by all Druggists.

D. M. McALLISTER
& Co's
BOOKS
72
MAIN ST.
SALT LAKE CITY

HAMMOND
TYPEWRITER
OFFICE
SUPPLIES

SCHOOL BOOKS
ALBUMS
MORMON
PUBLICATIONS

TOYS
NOVELTIES
STATIONERY

WALKER, OAKLEY & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Chicago Wax Calf & Upper Leather

CARD AND FLESH SPLITS,

Boston Store, 16 & 18 South St.

Chicago Store, 179 & 181 Lake St.

M SHIELDS & Co. **CONFECTIONERY**
 43 & 45 State St., Chicago.

Margetts Bros.

Largest and most complete Stock—
 Wholesale and Retail.

Books and Stationery.

Text Library and Mormon Books a Specialty.

76 S. Main Street,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE

Thomson & Taylor Spice Co.,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE FINEST

SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS

KNOWN TO THE TRADE.

Proprietors of the Famous Brand of

RED CROSS LYE.

30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 SO. WATER STREET,

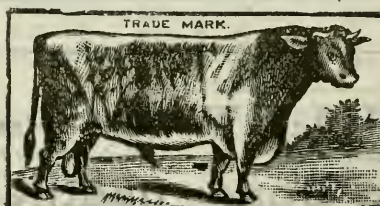
CHICAGO.

IT IS THE BEST.

TRUE MERIT HAS GIVEN

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco

The LARGEST SALE of any Tobacco in th World.



TRADE MARK.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
W. T. BLACKWELL & Co.
 DURHAM, N.C.

FOR PLEASURE,
 COMFORT, HEALTH,
 SMOKE THE OLD

ORIGINAL BRAND
 DURHAM
 TOBACCO

BLACKWELL'S
GENUINE DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO

SEE THAT IT BEARS THE TRADE MARK OF THE BULL. TAKE NO OTHER. POPULAR BECAUSE RELIABLE.

FRANCIS ARMSTRONG PRES.

P.W. MADSEN VICE PRES.

M.E. CUMMINGS CASHIER.

GOOD LUCK TO ALL WHO DEPOSIT WITH



DIRECTORS
FRANCIS ARMSTRONG
P.W. MADSEN
T.W. ELLERBECK
BOLIVAR ROBERTS
GEORGE CANNON
THOS. W. JENNINGS
DR. JOS. S. RICHARDS
OSCAR H. HARDY
M.E. CUMMINGS

CAPITAL \$200,000
SURPLUS \$20,000

22-24 EAST 1ST SOUTH ST.

SALT LAKE CITY,
UTAH.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Five Per Cent Interest paid on Savings Deposits.

COMPOUNDED FOUR TIMES A YEAR.

HARPERS PERIODICALS.

1890-91.

Harpers Magazine,	-	\$4.00	a Year.
Harpers Weekly,	-	4.00	a Year.
Harpers Bazar,	- -	4.00	a Year.
Harpers Young People,		2.00	a Year.

UNRIVALLED STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

Perfect Exponents of the civilization of the century.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.



THE CONTRIBUTOR PREMIUMS, VOLUME TWELVE.

Thirty-five Premiums, - - - - \$1200.00.

We shall give to the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Thirty-five Wards having the largest paid up subscription lists for THE CONTRIBUTOR, Volume Twelve, on June 1st, 1891, the following Cash premiums:

To the Ward with the largest list,	\$250.00
“ “ “ next “ “	100.00
“ “ “ “ “ “	100.00
“ “ “ “ “ “	50.00
“ “ “ “ “ “	50.00
“ Ten Wards “ “ “ lists,	25.00 each
“ Twenty “ “ “ “ “	20.00 “

Thirty-five Premiums, amounting to \$1200.00.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



A cream of tartar baking powder.
Highest of all in leavening strength.—
*U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17,
1889.*

THE STATE BANK OF UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY.

CAPITAL. - \$500,000.

HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT.
WM. B. PRESHON, VICE-PRESIDENT.
HEBER M. WELLS, CASHIER.

DIRECTORS:

JOSEPH F. SMITH. CHARLES S. BURTON.
WILLIAM H. BOWE. NEPHI W. CLAYTON.
ABRAHAM H. CANNON. FRANK Y. TAYLOR.
SPENCER CLAWSON. PHILO T. FARNSWORTH.
ELIAS MORRIS. RICHARD W. YOUNG.
HENRY A. WOOLLEY.

Receives Deposits Payable on Demand.
Loans Money on Approved Security
Draws Exchange on all Principal Points.
Pays 5 per cent. on Savings Deposits
Compounds Interest thereon Quarterly.
Pays careful attention to Country Trade.
Solicits the Business of the People of
Utah.

The Leading Implement House of Utah.

HEBER J. GRANT, Pres.
JOSEPH F. SMITH, Vice-Pres.

RULON S. WELLS,
Sec'y and Treas.

CO-OPERATIVE WAGON - and - MACHINE COMPANY

DIRECTORS:

HEBER J. GRANT. JOSEPH F. SMITH.
JOSHUA F. GRANT. FRANCIS M. LYMAN
GEORGE T. ODELL. JOHN HENRY SMITH.
WILLIAM W. RITER. CHARLES S. BURTON.
GEORGE ROMNEY. JUNIUS F. WELLS.
JAMES SHARP.

SALT LAKE,
OGDEN,
LOGAN,
EAGLE ROCK,
MONTPELIER.

MANAGEMENT.

J. F. GRANT, GENERAL MANAGER.
GEORGE T. ODELL, ASST. MANAGER.
E. T. WOOLLEY.
MANAGER OGDEN BRANCH.
A. G. HARRIS.
MANAGER LOGAN BRANCH.
G. G. WRIGHT.
MGR. EAGLE ROCK BRANCH.
M. D. WELLS,
MGR. MONTPELIER BRANCH.